

ROMEO AND JULIET  
TIMON OF ATHENS  
JULIUS CÆSAR











SHAKSPERE'S WORKS

*The text of the present Edition of Shakspeare's Works is mainly that of Delius. Wherever a variant reading is adopted, some good and recognized Shaksperian Critic has been followed. In no case is a new rendering of the text proposed; nor has it been thought necessary to distract the reader's attention by notes or comments.*

# SHAKSPERE'S WORKS

IX



LONDON

*KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.*

MDCCCXCVI



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# ROMEO AND JULIET

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance with*  
CAPULET, } *each other.*

*Uncle to Capulet.*

ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*

BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*  
GREGORY, }

PETER, *Servant to Juliet's nurse.*

ABRAHAM, *Servant to Montague.*

*An Apothecary.*

*Three Musicians.*

*Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.*

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.*

*Nurse to Juliet.*

*Citizens of Verona; Kinsfolk of both Houses; Maskers,  
Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

*Chorus.*

## SCENE

*During the greater Part of the Play in Verona: once, in  
the fifth Act, at Mantua.*

# ROMEO AND JULIET

## PROLOGUE

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life ;  
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage ;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.*  
*Exit.*

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*Verona. A public Place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords  
and bucklers.*

*Samp.* Gregory, o' my word, we 'll not carry coals.

*Gre.* No, for then we should be colliers.

*Samp.* I mean, an we be in choler, we 'll draw.

*Gre.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

*Samp.* I strike quickly, being moved.

*Gre.* But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

*Samp.* A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

*Gre.* To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand ; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runnest away.

*Samp.* A dog of that house shall move me to stand : I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

*Gre.* That shows thee a weak slave ; for the weakest goes to the wall.

*Samp.* 'Tis true ; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall : therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*Gre.* The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

*Samp.* 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant : when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids ; I will cut off their heads.

*Gre.* The heads of the maids ?

*Samp.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads ; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Gre.* They must take it in sense that feel it.

*Samp.* Me they shall feel while I am able to stand ; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Gre.* 'Tis well thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool ; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.*

*Samp.* My naked weapon is out : quarrel ; I will back thee.

*Gre.* How ! turn thy back and run ?

*Samp.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry ; I fear thee !

*Samp.* Let us take the law of our sides ; let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

*Samp.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

*Samp.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

*Samp.* *Aside to GREGORY.* Is the law of our side if I say ay ?

*Gre.* No.

*Samp.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb, sir.

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir ?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir ! no, sir.

*Samp.* If you do, sir, I am for you : I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Samp.* Well, sir.

*Enter BENVOLIO.*

*Gre.* *Aside to SAMPSON.* Say ' better ' : here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

*Samp.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Samp.* Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *They fight.*

*Ben.* Part, fools !

Put up your swords ; you know not what you do.

*Beats down their swords.*

*Enter TYBALT.*

*Tyb.* What ! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds ?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace : put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tyb.* What ! drawn, and talk of peace ; I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward !

*They fight.*

*Enter several of both houses, who join the fray :*

*then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

*First Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans ! strike ! beat them down !

Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

*Enter CAPULET in his gown : and Lady CAPULET.*

*Cap.* What noise is this ? Give me my long sword, ho !

*Lady Cap.* A crutch, a crutch ! Why call you for a sword ?

*Cap.* My sword, I say ! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.*

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet ! Hold me not ; let me go.

*Lady Mon.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE, with his Train.*

*Prince.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—  
Will they not hear ? What ho ! you men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,  
And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,  
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.  
If ever you disturb our streets again  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away :  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon  
To know our further pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, Lady MONTAGUE,  
and BENVOLIO.*

*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?  
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began ?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary  
And yours close fighting ere I did approach :  
I drew to part them : in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,  
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn.  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

*Lady Mon.* O ! where is Romeo ? saw you him  
to-day ?  
Fought glad I am he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad :  
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore  
That westward rooteth from the city's side,  
So early walking did I see your son :



Towards him I made ; but he was ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood :  
I, measuring his affections by my own,  
That most are busied when they're most alone,  
Pursu'd my humour not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself,  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
And makes himself an artificial night.  
Black and portentous must this humour prove  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

*Mon.* I neither know it nor can learn of him.

*Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?

*Mon.* Both by myself and many other friends :  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself, I will not say how true,  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure as know.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* See where he comes : so please you, step  
aside ;  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

*Mon.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*

*Ben.* Good morrow, cousin.

*Rom.* ————— Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* ————— Ay me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's  
hours?

*Rom.* Not having that, which, having, makes them  
short.

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out—

*Ben.* Of love?

*Rom.* Out of her favour, where I am in love.

*Ben.* Alas! that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

*Rom.* Alas! that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will.  
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing! of nothing first created.

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

*Ben.* ————— No, coz, I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* ————— At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* Why, such is love's transgression.  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to have it press'd  
With more of thine : this love that thou hast shown  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs ;  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;  
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :  
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.  
Farewell, my coz.

*Ben.* Soft, I will go along ;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut ! I have lost myself ; I am not here ;  
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

*Rom.* What ! shall I groan and tell thee ?

*Ben.* Groan ! why, no ;  
But sadly tell me who.

*Rom.* Bid a sick man in sadness make his will ;  
Ah ! word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

*Ben.* I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good mark-man ! And she's fair I love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*Rom.* Well, in that hit you miss : she'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit ;  
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.  
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,  
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :  
O ! she is rich in beauty ; only poor  
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn that she will still live  
chaste ?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge  
waste ;

For beauty starv'd with her severity  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair :  
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow  
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me ; forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O ! teach me how I should forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes :  
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way  
To call hers exquisite, in question more.  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows  
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair ;  
He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
What doth her beauty serve but as a note  
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair ?  
Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I 'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

*Cap.* But Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both ;  
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before :  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early made.  
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part ;  
An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest  
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light :  
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,  
And like her most whose merit most shall be :  
Which on more view, of many mine being one  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
Come, go with me. *To Servant, giving a paper.*

Go, sirrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out  
Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*

*Serv.* Find them out whose names are written here !  
It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with  
his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his  
pencil, and the painter with his nets ; but I am sent to  
find those persons whose names are here writ, and can

never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time.

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Tut ! man, one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;  
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning ;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish :  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Rom.* Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee ?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a madman is ;  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good den, good fellow.

*Serv.* God gi' good den. I pray, sir, can you read ?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learned it without book :  
but, I pray, can you read any thing you see ?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

*Serv.* Ye say honestly ; rest you merry.

*Rom.* Stay, fellow ; I can read.

*Signior Martino and his wife and daughters ; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters ; the lady widow of Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces ; Mercutio and his brother Valentine ; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters ; my fair niece Rosaline ; Livia ; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly ; whither should they come ?

*Serv.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither ?

*Serv.* To supper ; to our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Serv.* My master's.

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

*Serv.* Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! *Exit.*

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st,  
With all the admired beauties of Verona:  
Go thither; and with unattainted eye  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!  
And these, who often drown'd could never die,  
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!  
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;  
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love against some other maid  
That I will show you shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Lady Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

*Nurse.* Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,

I bade her come. What, lamb ! what, lady-bird !  
God forbid ! Where 's this girl ? What, Juliet !

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* How now ! who calls ?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here.

What is your will ?

*Lady Cap.* This is the matter. Nurse, give leave  
awhile,

We must talk in secret : nurse, come back again ;

I have remember'd me, thou 's hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

*Nurse.* Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

*Lady Cap.* She's not fourteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,

She is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammas-tide ?

*Lady Cap.* A fortnight and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls !—

Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God ;

She was too good for me. But, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;

That shall she, marry ; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ;

And she was wean'd, I never shall forget it,

Of all the days of the year, upon that day ;

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall ;

My lord and you were then at Mantua.

Nay, I do bear a brain :—but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool !



To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug.  
'Shake,' quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,  
To bid me trudge :  
And since that time it is eleven years ;  
For then she could stand alone ; nay, by the rood,  
She could have run and waddled all about ;  
For even the day before she broke her brow :  
And then my husband, God be with his soul !  
A' was a merry man, took up the child :  
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face ?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit ;  
Wilt thou not, Jule ?' and, by my halidom,  
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'  
To see now how a jest shall come about !  
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it : 'Wilt thou not, Jule ?' quoth  
he ;

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

*Lady Cap.* Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy  
peace.

*Nurse.* Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay':  
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone ;  
A perilous knock ; and it cried bitterly :  
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face ?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age ;  
Wilt thou not, Jule ?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

*Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace !  
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd :  
An I might live to see thee married once,  
I have my wish.

*Lady Cap.* Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme  
I come to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married ?

*Jul.* It is an honour that I dream not of.

*Nurse.* An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,  
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

*Lady Cap.* Well, think of marriage now ; younger  
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers : by my count,  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady ! lady, such a man  
As all the world—why, he 's a man of wax.

*Lady Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurse.* Nay, he 's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

*Lady Cap.* What say you ? can you love the gentle-  
man ?

This night you shall behold him at our feast ;  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;  
Examine every several lineament,  
And see how one another lends content ;  
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies  
Find written in the margin of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him, only lacks a cover :  
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride  
For fair without the fair within to hide :  
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story :  
So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him making yourself no less.

*Nurse.* No less ! nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

*Lady Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

*Jul.* I 'll look to like, if looking liking move ;  
But no more deep will I endart mine eye  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

*Lady Cap.* We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Others.*

*Rom.* What ! shall this speech be spoke for our excuse, Or shall we on without apology ?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity :  
We 'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,  
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;  
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
After the prompter, for our entrance :  
But let them measure us by what they will,  
We 'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a torch : I am not for this ambling ;  
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes  
With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

*Mer.* You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft  
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe ;

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Mer.* And, to sink in it, should you burden love ;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous ; and it pricks like thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.  
Give me a case to put my visage in :

*Putting on a mask.*

A visor for a visor ! what care I  
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?  
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

*Ben.* Come, knock and enter ; and no sooner in  
But every man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase ;  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

*Mer.* Tut ! dun's the mouse, the constable's own  
word :

If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,  
Or—save your reverence—love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho !

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

*Rom.* And we mean well in going to this mask ;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask ?

*Rom.* I dream'd a dream to-night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

*Rom.* Well, what was yours ?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

*Rom.* In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

*Mer.* O ! then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the forefinger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :  
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;  
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;  
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;  
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid ;  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;  
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight ;  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;  
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice ;  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes ;

And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes ;  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage ;  
This is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace ! Mercutio, peace !  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*Ben.* This wind you talk of blows us from our  
selves ;  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear, too early ; for my mind misgives  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night's revels, and expire the term  
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.  
But he, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail ! On, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen.*

*First Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

*Second Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

*First Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony! and Potpan!

*Second Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

*First Serv.* You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

*Third Serv.* We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

*They retire behind.*

*Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.*

*Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you. Ah ha! my mistresses, which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now? Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day That I have worn a visor, and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone. You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play. A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, you knaves ! and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.  
Ah ! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.  
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,  
For you and I are past our dancing days ;  
How long is 't now since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask ?

*Second Cap.* By 'r Lady, thirty years.

*Cap.* What ! man ; 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much :  
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five-and-twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

*Second Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder,  
sir ;

His son is thirty.

*Cap.* Will you tell me that ?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* What lady's that which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight ?

*Serv.* I know not, sir.

*Rom.* O ! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear ;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I 'll watch her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, sight !  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What ! dares the slave  
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,  
To flier and scorn at our solemnity ?  
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.



*Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman ! wherefore storm you so ?

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ;  
A villain that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

*Cap.* Young Romeo is 't ?

*Tyb.* 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

*Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone :  
He bears him like a portly gentleman ;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.  
I would not for the wealth of all the town  
Here in my house do him disparagement ;  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him :  
It is my will ; the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest :  
I'll not endure him.

*Cap.* He shall be endur'd :  
What ! goodman boy ; I say he shall, go to ;  
Am I the master here, or you ? go to.  
You'll not endure him ! God shall mend my soul !  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests !  
You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

*Cap.* Go to, go to ;  
You are a saucy boy.—Is 't so, indeed ?—  
This trick may chance to scathe you.—I know what.  
You must contrary me ! marry, 'tis time.  
Well said, my hearts ! You are a princ Cox ; go :  
Be quiet, or—More light, more light !—For shame !  
I'll make you quiet. What ! cheerly, my hearts !

*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

*Rom.* To *JULIET*. If I profane with my unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this ;  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

*Rom.* O ! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.  
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

*Kissing her.*

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

*Rom.* Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly urg'd !  
Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by the book.

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*Rom.* What is her mother ?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous :  
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal ;  
I tell you he that can lay hold of her  
Shall have the chinks.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet ?

O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.

*Ben.* Away, be gone ; the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.

*Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.  
Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.  
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah! sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;  
I'll to my rest. *Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*Jul.* What's he that now is going out of door?

*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

*Jul.* What's he that follows there, that would not  
dance?

*Nurse.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go, ask his name.—If he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?

*Jul.* A rime I learn'd even now  
Of one I danc'd withal. *One calls within, 'JULIET.'*

*Nurse.* Anon, anon!  
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. *Exeunt.*

## PROLOGUE

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir:*

*That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,  
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again,  
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,  
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:  
Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new-beloved any where :  
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,  
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.     Exit.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Verona. A Lane by the wall of  
CAPULET'S Orchard.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Can I go forward when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.  
*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Ben.* Romeo ! my cousin Romeo !

*Mer.* He is wise ;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

*Ben.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall :  
Call, good Mercutio.

*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh :

Speak but one rime and I am satisfied ;

Cry but 'Ay me !' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove' ;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,  
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim  
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not ;  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down ;  
That were some spite : my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress name  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
To be consorted with the humorous night :  
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit  
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.  
O Romeo ! that she were, O ! that she were  
An open *et cætera*, thou a poperin pear.  
Romeo, good night : I 'll to my truckle-bed ;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :  
Come, shall we go ?

*Ben.* Go, then ; for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here that means not to be found.

*Exeunt,*

SCENE II.—*The Same. CAPULET'S Orchard.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*JULIET appears above at a window.*

But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks ?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she :

Be not her maid, since she is envious ;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.

It is my lady ; O ! it is my love :

O ! that she knew she were.

She speaks, yet she says nothing : what of that ?

Her eye discourses ; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks :

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars

As daylight doth a lamp ; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See ! how she leans her cheek upon her hand :

O ! that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek.

*Jul.*

Ay me !

*Rom.*

She speaks :

O ! speak again, bright angel ; for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom. Aside.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at  
this?

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O! be some other name:  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;  
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word.  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in  
night  
So stumblest on my counsel?

*Rom.* By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee:  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

*Rom.* Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these  
walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their  
eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

*Rom.* By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay',  
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo!



If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light :  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion : therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

*Jul.* O ! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by ?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all ;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—

*Jul.* Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night :  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night !  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

*Rom.* O ! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it ;  
And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Would'st thou withdraw it ? for what purpose,  
love ?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu !  
Anon, good nurse ! Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again. *Exit above.*

*Rom.* O blessed blessed night ! I am afeard,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night  
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite ;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

*Nurse. Within.* Madam !

*Jul.* I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee—

*Nurse. Within.* Madam !

*Jul.* By and by ; I come :—  
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :  
To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul,—

*Jul.* A thousand times good night ! *Exit above.*

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their  
books ;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

*Retiring.*

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Jul.* Hist ! Romeo, hist ! O ! for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again.  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Rom.* It is my soul that calls upon my name :  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears !

*Jul.* Romeo !

*Rom.* My dear !

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee ?

*Rom.* At the hour of nine.

*Jul.* I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning ; I would have thee gone ;  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, so would I :  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Exit.*

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy  
breast !

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. *Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.*

*Fri.* The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning  
night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels :  
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb ;  
What is her burying grave that is her womb,  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find,  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some, and yet all different.  
O ! mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give,  
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
And vice sometime's by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this weak flower

Poison hath residence and medicine power :  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Good morrow, father !

*Fri.* *Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;  
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature ;  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true ; the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri.* That's my good son : but where hast thou been,  
then ?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded : both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies :  
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo !  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

*Rom.* Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;  
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage : when and where and how  
We met we woo'd and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

*Fri.* Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here ;  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline ;  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste !  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;  
Lo ! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.  
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :  
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then :  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri.* Not in a grave,  
To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not ; she whom I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow ;  
The other did not so.

*Fri.* O ! she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

*Rom.* O ! let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

*Fri.* Wisely and slow ; they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo be ?  
Came he not home to-night ?

*Ben.* Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that  
Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write may answer a letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he  
dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas ! poor Romeo, he is already dead ; stabbed  
with a white wench's black eye ; shot thorough the ear  
with a love-song ; the very pin of his heart cleft with  
the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft ; and is he a man to en-  
counter Tybalt ?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt ?

*Mer.* More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O ! he  
is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as  
you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and propor-  
tion ; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third  
in your bosom ; the very butcher of a silk button, a  
duellist, a duellist ; a gentleman of the very first house,

of the first and second cause. Ah ! the immortal passado ! the punto reverso ! the hay !

*Ben.* The what ?

*Mer.* The pox of such antick, lispings, affecting fantastics, these new tuners of accents ! ‘By Jesu, a very good blade ! a very tall man ! a very good whore !’ Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench ? O ! their *bons*, their *bons*.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in : Laura to his lady was a kitchen-wench ; marry, she had a better love to be-rime her ; Dido a dowdy ; Cleopatra a gipsy ; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots ; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bon jour* ! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you ?

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the slip ; can you not conceive ?

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great ; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

*Mer.* That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom.* Meaning, to court'sy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.



*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my pump well flowered.

*Mer.* Well said ; follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled jest ! solely singular for the singleness.

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio ; my wit faints.

*Rom.* Switch and spurs, switch and spurs ; or I'll cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose ?

*Rom.* Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening ; it is a most sharp sauce.

*Rom.* And is it not well served in to a sweet goose ?

*Mer.* O ! here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

*Rom.* I stretch it out for that word 'broad' ; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love ? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo ; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature : for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

*Ben.* Thou would'st else have made thy tale large,

*Mer.* O ! thou art deceived : I would have made it short ; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

*Rom.* Here's goodly gear !

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

*Mer.* A sail, a sail !

*Een.* Two, two ; a shirt and a smock.

*Nurse.* Peter !

*Peter.* Anon !

*Nurse.* My fan, Peter.

*Mer.* Good Peter, to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Is it good den ?

*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

*Nurse.* Out upon you ! what a man are you !

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

*Nurse.* By my troth, it is well said ; ' for himself to mar,' quoth a' ? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo ?

*Rom.* I can tell you ; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

*Nurse.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yeat is the worst well ? very well took, i' faith ; wisely, wisely.

*Nurse.* If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

*Een.* She will induce him to some supper.

*Mer.* A hand, a hand, a hand ! So be it !

*Rom.* What hast thou found ?

*Mer.* No hare, sir ; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,  
Is very good meat in Lent :  
But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we 'll to dinner thither.

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell.

*Lady, lady, lady.*

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

*Nurse.* Marry, farewell ! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery ?

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

*Nurse.* An a' speak any thing against me, I 'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks ; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his skeins-mates. *To PETER.* And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure ?

*Peter.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure ; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave ! Pray you, sir, a word ; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out ; what she bid me say I will keep to myself ; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say : for the gentlewoman is young ;

and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

*Rom.* Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

*Nurse.* Good heart ! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord ! she will be a joyful woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, nurse ? thou dost not mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, sir, that you do protest ; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

*Rom.* Bid her devise  
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon ;  
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell  
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir ; not a penny.

*Rom.* Go to ; I say you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir ? well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse ; behind the abbey-wall  
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair ;  
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy  
Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
Farewell ! Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.  
Farewell ! Commend me to thy mistress.

*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee ! Hark you, sir.

*Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse ?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

*Rom.* I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

*Nurse.* Well, sir ; my mistress is the sweetest lady  
—Lord, Lord ! when 'twas a little prating thing,—  
O ! there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that  
would fain lay knife aboard ; but she, good soul, had  
as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her  
sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man ;

but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

*Nurse.* Ah! mocker; that's the dog's name. R is for the— No; I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady.

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times. *Exit ROMEO.*  
Peter!

*Peter.* Anon!

*Nurse.* Before, and apace. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. CAPULET'S Orchard.*

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promis'd to return.  
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.  
O! she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams  
Driving back shadows over louring hills:  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.  
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,  
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me:  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead,

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

O God ! she comes. O honey nurse ! what news ?

Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. *Exit PETER.*

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse ; O Lord ! why look'st thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;

If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Nurse.* I am aweary, give me leave awhile :

Fie, how my bones ache ! What a jaunt have I had !

*Jul.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ; good, good nurse, speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu ! what haste ; can you not stay awhile ?

Do you not see that I am out of breath ?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath ?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that ;

Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad ?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice ; you know not how to choose a man : Romeo ! no, not he ; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I 'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench ; serve God. What ! have you dined at home ?

*Jul.* No, no : but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

*Nurse.* Lord ! how my head aches ; what a head have I !

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back o' t' other side ; O ! my back, my back.  
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

*Jul.* I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

*Nurse.* Your love says, like an honest gentleman,  
and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I  
warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother ?

*Jul.* Where is my mother ! why, she is within ;  
Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest :  
' Your love says, like an honest gentleman,  
Where is your mother ? '

*Nurse.* O ! God's lady dear.  
Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ;  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil ! come, what says Romeo ?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell ;  
There stays a husband to make you a wife :  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.  
Hie you to church ; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark ;  
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go ; I 'll to dinner : hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune ! Honest nurse, farewell.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. Friar LAURENCE's Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

*Fri.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after hours with sorrow chide us not !

*Rom.* Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight :  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare ;  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which as they kiss consume : the sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness  
And in the taste confounds the appetite :  
Therefore love moderately ; long love doth so ;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady : O ! so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :  
A lover may bestride the gossamer  
That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah ! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.



*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
Brag of his substance, not of ornament :  
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;  
But my true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

*Fri.* Come, come with me, and we will make short  
work ;  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.    *Exeunt.*

## ACT III

### SCENE I.—*Verona. A public Place.*

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire :  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows that when  
he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword  
upon the table and says, 'God send me no need of  
thee !' and by the operation of the second cup draws  
it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow ?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy  
mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody,  
and as soon moody to be moved.

*Ben.* And what to ?

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we should have  
none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou !  
why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair  
more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast.  
Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having

no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple! O simple!

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and Others.*

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

*Mer.* Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds! consort!

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men:  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze ;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery :  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;  
Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

*Tyb.* Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting ; villain am I none,  
Therefore farewell ; I see thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest I never injur'd thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :  
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !  
*Alla stoccata* carries it away.

*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

*Tyb.* What would'st thou have with me ?

*Mer.* Good king of cats, nothing but one of your  
nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as  
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the  
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher  
by the ears ? make haste, lest mine be about your ears  
ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you.

*Drawing.*

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado.

*They fight.*

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio ; beat down their weapons.  
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage !  
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath  
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.  
Hold, Tybalt ! good Mercutio !

*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*

*Mer.* I am hurt.  
A plague o' both the houses ! I am sped.  
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

*Ben.* What ! art thou hurt ?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 'tis  
enough.

Where is my page ? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

*Exit Page.*

*Rom.* Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as  
a church door ; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve : ask for  
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I  
am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'  
both your houses ! 'Zounds ! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a  
cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a  
villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic ! Why  
the devil came you between us ? I was hurt under your  
arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses !  
They have made worms' meat of me : I have it,  
And soundly too : your houses !

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf ; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet !  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

*Re-enter BENVOLIO.*

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo ! brave Mercutio's dead ;  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth  
depend ;  
This but begins the woe others must end.

*Re-enter TYBALT.*

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive ! in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !  
Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now !  
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again  
That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company :  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him  
here,  
Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that.

*They fight ; TYBALT falls.*

*Ben.* Romeo, away ! be gone !  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amaz'd : the prince will doom thee death  
If thou art taken : hence ! be gone ! away !

*Rom.* O ! I am fortune's fool.

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay ?  
*Exit ROMEO.*

*Enter Citizens, etc.*

*First Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio ?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he ?

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

*First Cit.* Up, sir ; go with me ;  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE, attended ; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,  
their Wives, and Others.*

*Prince.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

*Ben.* O noble prince ! I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*Lady Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin ! O my brother's child !  
O prince ! O cousin ! husband ! O ! the blood is spill'd  
Of my dear kinsman. Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin !

*Prince.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray ?

*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay :  
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal  
Your high displeasure : all this uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
Retorts it : Romeo he cries aloud,  
'Hold, friends ! friends, part !' and, swifter than his  
tongue,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled ;  
But by and by comes back to Romeo,

Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,  
And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
This is the truth or let Benvolio die.

*Lady Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montague ;  
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :  
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give :  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

*Prince.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;  
His fault concludes but what the law should end,  
The life of Tybalt.

*Prince.* And for that offence  
Immediately we do exile him hence :  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;  
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses ;  
Therefore use none ; let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body and attend our will :  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.* CAPULET'S Orchard.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging ; such a waggoner

As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !  
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen !  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties ; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night ! come, Romeo ! come, thou day in night !  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O ! I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it, and though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them. O ! here comes my nurse,

*Enter Nurse, with cords.*

And she brings news ; and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.  
Now, nurse, what news ? What hast thou there ? the  
cords  
That Romeo bid thee fetch ?



*Nurse.*

Ay, ay, the cords.

*Throws them down.*

*Jul.* Ay me ! what news ? why dost thou wring thy hands ?

*Nurse.* Ah ! well-a-day ! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead !

We are undone, lady, we are undone !

Alack the day ! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead !

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious ?

*Nurse.*

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot. O ! Romeo, Romeo ;

Who ever would have thought it ? Romeo !

*Jul.* What devil art thou that dost torment me thus ?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself ? say thou but 'I,'

And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice :

I am not I, if there be such an I ;

Or those eyes shut that make thee answer 'I.'

If he be slain say 'I' ; or if not, no :

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,  
God save the mark ! here on his manly breast :

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore blood ; I swoounded at the sight.

*Jul.* O ! break, my heart ; poor bankrupt, break at once !

To prison, eyes ; ne'er look on liberty !

Vile earth, to earth resign ; end motion here ;

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier !

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt ! the best friend I had :

O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !

That ever I should live to see thee dead !

*Jul.* What storm is this that blows so contrary ?

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead ?  
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord ?  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom !  
For who is living if those two are gone ?

*Nurse.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished ;  
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Jul.* O God ! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's  
blood ?

*Nurse.* It did, it did ; alas the day ! it did.

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face !  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?  
Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !  
Dove-feather'd raven ! wolvish-ravening lamb !  
Despised substance of divinest show !  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st ;  
A damned saint, an honourable villain !  
O nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?  
Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound ? O ! that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace.

*Nurse.* There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjur'd,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
Ah ! where's my man ? give me some *aqua vitæ* :  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
Shame come to Romeo !

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue  
For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :  
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O ! what a beast was I to chide at him.

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd your  
cousin ?

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?  
Ah ! poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it ?  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?  
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband :  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband :  
All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?  
Some word there was, worsers than Tybalt's death,  
That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;  
But, O ! it presses to my memory,  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.  
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished !'  
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there :  
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,  
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'  
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd ?  
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,  
'Romeo is banished !' to speak that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead : 'Romeo is banished !'  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.  
Where is my father and my mother, nurse ?

*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :  
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears : mine shall  
be spent,  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,  
Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd :  
He made you for a highway to my bed,  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
Come, cords ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding-bed ;  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber ; I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you : I wot well where he is.  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night :  
I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

*Jul.* O ! find him ; give this ring to my true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.* *Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE.*

*Fri.* Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful  
man :  
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Father, what news ? what is the prince's doom ?  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not ?

*Fri.* Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company :  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*Rom.* What less than doomsday is the prince's doom ?

*Fri.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha ! banishment ! be merciful, say 'death' ;  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death : do not say 'banishment.'

*Fri.* Hence from Verona art thou banished.  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death; then 'banished'  
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death 'banished,'  
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not: more validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished.  
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:  
They are free men, but I am banished.  
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But 'banished' to kill me? 'Banished'!  
O friar! the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,

To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

*Fri.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

*Rom.* O ! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*Fri.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet 'banished' ! Hang up philosophy !  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not : talk no more.

*Fri.* O ! then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have no  
eyes ?

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy  
hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Knocking within.*

*Fri.* Arise ; one knocks : good Romeo, hide thyself.

*Rom.* Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

*Knocking.*

*Fri.* Hark ! how they knock. Who's there ? Romeo,  
arise ;

Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile ! Stand up ;

*Knocking.*

Run to my study. By and by ! God's will !

What simpleness is this ! I come, I come !

*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's your  
will ?

*Nurse. Within.* Let me come in, and you shall know  
my errand :

I come from Lady Juliet.

*Fri.*

Welcome then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar ! O ! tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord ? where 's Romeo ?

*Fri.* There on the ground, with his own tears made  
drunk.

*Nurse.* O ! he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case. O woeful sympathy !  
Piteous predicament ! Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

*Rom.* Nurse !

*Nurse.* Ah sir ! ah sir ! Well, death 's the end of all.

*Rom.* Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?  
Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own ?  
Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what says  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love ?

*Nurse.* O ! she says nothing, sir, but weeps and  
weeps ;

And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

*Rom.*

As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her ; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman. O ! tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack

The hateful mansion.

*Drawing his sword.*

*Fri.*

Hold thy desperate hand :

Art thou a man ? thy form cries out thou art :

Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast :

Unseemly woman in a seeming man ;

And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both !

Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?

And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,

By doing damned hate upon thyself ?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth ?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet

In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose.

Fie, fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;

Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,

And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

Digressing from the valour of a man ;

Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish ;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,

Misshapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,

Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,

And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What ! rouse thee, man ; thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;

There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :

The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend,

And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :

A pack of blessings light upon thy back ;

Happiness courts thee in her best array ;



But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :  
Romeo is coming.

*Nurse.* O Lord ! I could have stay'd here all the  
night

To hear good counsel : O ! what learning is.

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*Nurse.* Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. *Exit.*

*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

*Fri.* Go hence. Good night ; and here stands all  
your state :

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence :  
Sojourn in Mantua : I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time  
Every good hap to you that chances here.  
Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :  
Farewell,

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.*

*Cap.* Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter :  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I : well, we were born to die.  
'Tis very late, she 'll not come down to-night :  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of woe afford no time to woo.  
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

*Lady Cap.* I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;

To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love : I think she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me ; nay, more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
But, soft ! what day is this ?

*Par.* Monday, my lord.

*Cap.* Monday ! ha, ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon ;

O' Thursday let it be : o' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?

We 'll keep no great ado ; a friend or two ;

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much.

Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

*Par.* My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone : o' Thursday be it then.  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.  
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho !  
Afore me ! it is so very very late,  
That we may call it early by and by.  
Good night.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. JULIET'S Chamber.*

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET.*

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops :  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I :  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :  
Therefore stay yet ; thou need'st not to be gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :  
I have more care to stay than will to go :  
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.  
How is 't, my soul ? let 's talk ; it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is ; hie hence, be gone, away !  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division ;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us :  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;  
O ! now I would they had chang'd voices too,  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunt 's-up to the day.  
O ! now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light ; more dark and dark  
our woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam !

*Jul.* Nurse !

*Nurse.* Your lady mother is coming to your chamber :  
The day is broke ; be wary, look about. *Exit.*

*Jul.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

*Rom.* Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I 'll descend.  
*Descends.*

*Jul.* Art thou gone so ? my lord, my love, my  
friend !

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days :  
O ! by this count I shall be much in years  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

*Rom.* Farewell !

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*Jul.* O ! think'st thou we shall ever meet again ?

*Rom.* I doubt it not ; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Jul.* O God ! I have an ill-divining soul :  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu ! adieu ! *Exit.*

*Jul.* O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee fickle :  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle, fortune ;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

*Lady Cap. Within.* Ho, daughter ! are you up ?

*Jul.* Who is 't that calls ? is it my lady mother ?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early ?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*Lady Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet !

*Jul.* Madam, I am not well.

*Lady Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death ?  
What ! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ?  
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live ;  
Therefore, have done : some grief shows much of love ;  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*Lady Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the  
friend

Which you weep for.

*Jul.* Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*Lady Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for  
his death

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

*Jul.* What villain, madam ?

*Lady Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.

*Jul. Aside.* Villain and he be many miles asunder.  
God pardon him ! I do, with all my heart ;  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

*Lady Cap.* That is because the traitor murderer lives.

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.  
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death !

*Lady Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear thou  
not :

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd :  
Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it,  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O ! how my heart abhors  
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,  
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt  
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

*Lady Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find such a  
man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needy time.  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

*Lady Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father,  
child ;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

*Lady Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday  
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,  
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed  
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.  
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed !

*Lady Cap.* Here comes your father ; tell him so your-  
self,  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.  
How now ! a conduit, girl ? what ! still in tears ?  
Evermore showering ? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind ;  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;  
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,  
Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife !  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

*Lady Cap.* Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you  
thanks.  
I would the fool were married to her grave !

*Cap.* Soft ! take me with you, take me with you,  
wife.  
How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?  
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her bless'd,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have ; but thankful, that you  
have :

Proud can I never be of what I hate ;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now ! how now, chop-logic ! What is  
this ?

'Proud', and 'I thank you', and 'I thank you not' ;  
And yet 'not proud' ; mistress minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion ! out, you baggage !  
You tallow-face !

*Lady Cap.* Fie, fie ! what ! are you mad ?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient  
wretch !

I tell thee what : get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face.  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ;  
My fingers itch—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd  
That God had lent us but this only child ;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her.  
Out on her, hilding !

*Nurse.* God in heaven bless her !

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,  
Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips ; go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O ! God ye good den.

*Nurse.* May not one speak ?



*Cap.* Peace, you mumbling fool !  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

*Lady Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread ! it makes me mad.  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd ; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man ;  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer ' I 'll not wed,' ' I cannot love,'  
' I am too young,' ' I pray you, pardon me.'  
But, an you will not wed, I 'll pardon you !  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :  
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise.  
An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend ;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.  
Trust to 't, bethink you ; I 'll not be forsworn. *Exit.*

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief ?  
O ! sweet my mother, cast me not away :  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*Lady Cap.* Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a word.  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *Exit.*

*Jul.* O God ! O nurse ! how shall this be prevented ?  
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;  
How shall that faith return again to earth,

Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.  
Alack, alack! that heaven should practise stratagems  
Upon so soft a subject as myself!  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse.

*Nurse.* Faith, here 'tis. Romeo  
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the county.  
O! he's a lovely gentleman;  
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
As living here and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* And from my soul too;  
Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.  
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

*Exit.*

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy :  
If all else fail, myself have power to die.                    *Exit.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Verona. Friar LAURENCE's Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.*

*Fri.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so ;  
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

*Fri.* You say you do not know the lady's mind :  
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk'd of love ;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,  
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage  
To stop the inundation of her tears ;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society.  
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*Fri. Aside.* I would I knew not why it should be  
                  slow'd.  
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Par.* Happily met, my lady and my wife !

*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*Par.* That may be must be, love, on Thursday  
                  next.

*Jul.* What must be shall be.



And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,  
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri.* Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it ;  
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O ! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;  
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;  
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble ;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*Fri.* Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ;  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease ;  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;  
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death ;  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come ; and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame ;  
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

*Jul.* Give me, give me ! O ! tell not me of fear.

*Fri.* Hold ; get you gone : be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love give me strength ! and strength shall  
help afford.

Farewell, dear father.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servingmen.*

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are writ.

*Exit Servant.*

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

*Second Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir ; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so ?

*Second Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers : therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

*Cap.* Go, be gone.

*Exit Second Servant.*

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

What ! is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence ?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her :  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Nurse.* See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong ! where have you been gadding ?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests ; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you !

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*Cap.* Send for the county ; go tell him of this :  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell ;

And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on 't ; this is well : stand up :  
This is as 't should be. Let me see the county ;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.  
Now, afore God ! this reverend holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

*Lady Cap.* No, not till Thursday ; there is time  
enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church to-morrow.  
*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*

*Lady Cap.* We shall be short in our provision :  
'Tis now near night.

*Cap.* Tush ! I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;  
I'll not to bed to-night ; let me alone ;  
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho !  
They are all forth : well, I will walk myself  
To County Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.* JULIET'S Chamber.

*Enter JULIET and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best ; but, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.



*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*Lady Cap.* What ! are you busy, ho ? need you my help ?

*Jul.* No, madam ; we have cull'd such necessities  
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;  
For I am sure you have your hands full all  
In this so sudden business.

*Lady Cap.* Good night :  
Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Farewell ! God knows when we shall meet  
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life :  
I'll call them back again to comfort me :  
Nurse ! What should she do here ?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.  
Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all ?  
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning ?  
No, no ; this shall forbid it : lie thou there.

*Laying down a dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd  
Because he married me before to Romeo ?  
I fear it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man.  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !  
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comès ?  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for this many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort :  
Alack, alack ! is it not like that I,  
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad :  
O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears,  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?  
O ! look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay !  
Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

*She falls upon her bed within the curtains.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Lady Cap.* Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :  
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :  
Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* Go, you cot-quean, go,  
Get you to bed ; faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow  
For this night's watching.

*Cap.* No, not a whit : what ! I have watch'd ere now  
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

*Lady Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your  
time ;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Cap.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !

*Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs,  
and baskets.*

Now, fellow,

What 's there ?

*First Serv.* Things for the cook, sir ; but I know not  
what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste. *Exit First Servant.*  
Sirrah, fetch drier logs :

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

*Second Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter. *Exit.*

*Cap.* Mass, and well said ; a merry whoreson, ha !  
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith ! 'tis day :  
The county will be here with music straight,  
For so he said he would. *Music within.*

I hear him near.

Nurse ! Wife ! What, ho ! What, nurse, I say !

*Re-enter Nurse.*

Go waken Juliet, go, and trim her up ;  
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,  
Make haste ; the bridegroom he is come already :  
Make haste, I say.

SCENE V.—*The Same. JULIET'S Chamber.**Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Mistress ! what, mistress ! Juliet ! fast, I warrant her, she :

Why, lamb ! why, lady ! fie, you slug-a-bed !  
Why, love, I say ! madam ! sweet-heart ! why, bride !  
What ! not a word ? you take your pennyworths now :  
Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,  
The County Paris hath set up his rest,  
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,  
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep !  
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam !  
Ay, let the county take you in your bed ;  
He 'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be ?  
What, dress'd ! and in your clothes ! and down again !  
I must needs wake you. Lady ! lady ! lady !  
Alas ! alas ! Help ! help ! my lady's dead !  
O ! well-a-day, that ever I was born.  
Some *aqua vita*, ho ! My lord, my lady !

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*Lady Cap.* What noise is here ?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day !

*Lady Cap.* What is the matter ?

*Nurse.* Look, look ! O heavy day !

*Lady Cap.* O me ! O me ! my child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee !  
Help ! help ! Call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* Forshame ! bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead ; alack the day !

*Lady Cap.* Alack the day ! she 's dead, she 's dead,  
she 's dead.

*Cap.* Ha ! let me see her. Out, alas ! she 's cold ;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;  
Life and these lips have long been separated :  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day !

*Lady Cap.* O woeful time !

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me  
wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.*

*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.  
O son ! the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir ;  
My daughter he hath wedded : I will die,  
And leave him all ; life, living, all is Death's !

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

*Lady Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day !  
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight !

*Nurse.* O woe ! O woeful, woeful, woeful day !  
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold !  
O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !  
Never was seen so black a day as this :  
O woeful day, O woeful day !

*Par.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain !  
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,  
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown !  
O love ! O life ! not life, but love in death !

*Cap.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd !  
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now  
To murder, murder our solemnity ?  
O child ! O child ! my soul, and not my child !  
Dead art thou ! alack ! my child is dead ;  
And with my child my joys are buried.

*Fri.* Peace, ho ! for shame ! confusion's cure lives not  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid :  
Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was her promotion,  
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd ;  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?  
O ! in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well :  
She's not well married that lives married long ;  
But she's best married that dies married young.  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church ;  
For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral ;  
Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in ; and, madam, go with him ;  
And go, Sir Paris ; every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill ;  
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*Exeunt CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS,  
and Friar.*

*First Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be  
gone.

*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah ! put up, put up ;  
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.      *Exit.*

*First Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter PETER.*

*Peter.* Musicians, O ! musicians ; ‘Heart’s ease,  
Heart’s ease’ : O ! an you will have me live, play  
‘Heart’s ease.’

*First Mus.* Why ‘Heart’s ease’ ?

*Peter.* O ! musicians, because my heart itself plays  
‘My heart is full of woe.’ O ! play me some merry  
dump, to comfort me.

*First Mus.* Not a dump we ; ’tis no time to play now.

*Peter.* You will not then ?

*First Mus.* No.

*Peter.* I will then give it you soundly.

*First Mus.* What will you give us ?

*Peter.* No money, on my faith ! but the gleek ; I will  
give you the minstrel.

*First Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

*Peter.* Then will I lay the serving-creature’s dagger  
on your pate. I will carry no crotchets : I’ll *re* you,  
I’ll *fa* you. Do you note me ?

*First Mus.* An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

*Second Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put  
out your wit.

*Peter.* Then have at you with my wit ! I will dry-

beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.  
Answer me like men :

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music with her silver sound—*

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'?  
What say you, Simon Catling?

*First Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

*Peter.* Pretty ! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

*Second Mus.* I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

*Peter.* Pretty too ! What say you, James Soundpost?

*Third Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

*Peter.* O ! I cry you mercy ; you are the singer ;  
I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,'  
because musicians have no gold for sounding :

*Then music with her silver sound*

*With speedy help doth lend redress.      Exit.*

*First Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same !

*Second Mus.* Hang him, Jack ! Come, we'll in here ;  
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner      *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—*Mantua. A Street.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand ;  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.



I dreamt my lady came and found me dead ;  
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think !  
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.  
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

*Enter BALTHASAR, booted.*

News from Verona ! How now, Balthasar !  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?  
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?  
How fares my Juliet ? that I ask again ;  
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.  
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you.  
O ! pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it e'en so ? then I deny you, stars !  
Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* I do beseech you, sir, have patience :  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush ! thou art deceiv'd ;  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter ; get thee gone,  
And hire those horses : I'll be with thee straight.

*Exit BALTHASAR.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means : O mischief ! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.

I do remember an apothecary,  
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.  
Noting this penury, to myself I said  
An if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
O ! this same thought did but forerun my need,  
And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the house :  
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.  
What, ho ! apothecary !

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud ?

*Rom.* Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor ;  
Hold, there is forty ducats ; let me have  
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear  
As will disperse itself through all the veins  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,  
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,  
As violently as hasty powder fir'd  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law  
Is death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,

Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back ;  
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law :  
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world  
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :  
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.  
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Verona. Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

*Enter Friar JOHN.*

*Fri. John.* Holy Franciscan friar ! brother ! ho !

*Enter Friar LAURENCE.*

*Fri. Lau.* This same should be the voice of Friar John.  
Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo ?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*Fri. John.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

*Fri. Lau.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

*Fri. John.* I could not send it, here it is again,  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.

*Fri. Lau.* Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not nice, but full of charge  
Of dear import ; and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence ;  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

*Fri. John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

*Fri. Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone ;  
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake ;  
She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents ;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come :  
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !

*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Churchyard ; in it a  
tomb belonging to the CAPULETS.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and  
a torch.*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy : hence, and stand  
aloof ;

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground :  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,  
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee ; go.

*Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure.

*Retires.*

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I  
strew,

O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones ;  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans :  
The obsequies that I for thee will keep  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

*The Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite ?  
What ! with a torch ? muffle me, night, awhile.

*Retires.*

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch,  
mattock, etc.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.  
Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light : upon thy life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death  
Is partly to behold my lady's face,  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring, a ring that I must use  
In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I further shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.  
The time and my intents are savage-wild,  
More fierce and more inexorable far  
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

*Bal. Aside.* For all this same, I'll hide me here-about :

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. *Retires.*

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

*Opens the tomb.*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief  
It is supposed the fair creature died ;  
And here is come to do some villanous shame  
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.

*Comes forward.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague,  
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :  
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must indeed ; and therefore came I hither.  
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;  
Fly hence and leave me : think upon these gone ;  
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,  
Put not another sin upon my head  
By urging me to fury : O ! be gone :  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,  
For I come hither arm'd against myself :  
Stay not, be gone ; live, and hereafter say  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy thy conjurations,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee,  
boy ! *They fight.*

*Page.* O Lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.

*Exit.*

*Par.* O ! I am slain.

*Falls.*

If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

*Dies.*

*Rom.* In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face :  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !  
What said my man when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet :  
Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so ? O ! give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book :  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave ;  
A grave ? O, no ! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

*Laying PARIS in the tomb.*

How oft when men are at the point of death  
Have they been merry ! which their keepers call  
A lightning before death : O ! how may I  
Call this a lightning ? O my love ! my wife !  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :  
Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?  
O ! what more favour can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain  
To sunder his that was thine enemy ?  
Forgive me, cousin ! Ah ! dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again : here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chambermaids ; O ! here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last !  
Arms, take your last embrace ! and, lips, O you,  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death !  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !  
Here 's to my love ! *Drinks.*

O true apothecary !

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. *Dies.*

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar  
LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

*Fri.* Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ! Who 's there ?

*Bal.* Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you  
well.

*Fri.* Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capel's monument.

*Bal.* It doth so, holy sir ; and there 's my master,  
One that you love.

*Fri.* Who is it ?

*Bal.* Romeo.

*Fri.* How long hath he been there ?

*Bal.* Full half an hour.

*Fri.* Go with me to the vault.



*Bal.*

I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence ;  
 And fearfully did menace me with death  
 If I did stay to look on his intents.

*Fri.* Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me ;  
 O ! much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

*Bal.* As I did sleep under this yew tree here,  
 I dreamt my master and another fought,  
 And that my master slew him.

*Fri.*Romeo ! *Advances.*

Alack, alack ! what blood is this which stains  
 The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?  
 What mean these masterless and gory swords  
 To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?

*Enters the tomb.*

Romeo ! O ! pale. Who else ? what ! Paris too ?  
 And steep'd in blood ? Ah ! what an unkind hour  
 Is guilty of this lamentable chance.  
 The lady stirs.

*JULIET wakes.*

*Jul.* O comfortable friar ! where is my lord ?  
 I do remember well where I should be,  
 And there I am. Where is my Romeo ? *Noise within.*

*Fri.* I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest  
 Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep :  
 A greater power than we can contradict  
 Hath thwarted our intents : come, come away.  
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;  
 And Paris too : come, I'll dispose of thee  
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;  
 Come, go, good Juliet.

*Noise again.*

I dare no longer stay.

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

*Exit Friar LAURENCE.*

What 's here ? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand ?  
 Poison, I sec, hath been his timeless end.

O churl ! drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after ! I will kiss thy lips ;  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative. *Kisses him.*  
Thy lips are warm !

*First Watch. Within.* Lead, boy : which way ?

*Jul.* Yea, noise ? then I'll be brief. O happy  
dagger ! *Snatching ROMEO'S dagger.*

This is thy sheath ; *Stabs herself.*  
There rest, and let me die. *Dies.*

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.*

*Page.* This is the place ; there, where the torch doth  
burn.

*First Watch.* The ground is bloody ; search about the  
churchyard.

Go, some of you ; whoe'er you find, attach.

*Exeunt some.*

Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain,  
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain this two days buried.  
Go, tell the prince, run to the Capulets,  
Raise up the Montagues, some others search :

*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.*

*Second Watch.* Here 's Romeo's man ; we found him  
in the churchyard.

*First Watch.* Hold him in safety till the prince come  
hither.

*Re-enter others of the Watch, with Friar LAURENCE.*

*Third Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,  
and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

*First Watch.* A great suspicion : stay the friar too.

*Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.*

*Prince.* What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.*

*Cap.* What should it be that they so shriek abroad ?

*Lady Cap.* The people in the street cry Romeo,  
Some Juliet, and some Paris ; and all run  
With open outcry toward our monument.

*Prince.* What fear is this which startles in our ears ?

*First Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris  
slain ;

And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

*Prince.* Search, seek, and know how this foul murder  
comes.

*First Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's  
man,

With instruments upon them fit to open  
These dead men's tombs.

*Cap.* O heaven ! O wife ! look how our daughter  
bleeds.

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo ! his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,  
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

*Lady Cap.* O me ! this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,  
To see thy son and heir more early down.

*Mon.* Alas ! my liege, my wife is dead to-night ;

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.  
What further woe conspires against mine age?

*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,  
To press before thy father to a grave ?

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;  
And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death : meantime forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

*Prince.* Then say at once what thou dost know in  
this.

*Fri.* I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :  
I married them ; and their stol'n marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.  
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,  
To County Paris : then comes she to me,  
And with wild looks bid me devise some mean  
To rid her from this second marriage,  
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her

The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo  
That he should hither come as this dire night,  
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
Being the time the potion's force should cease.  
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,  
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight  
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,  
At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,  
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :  
But when I came, some minute ere the time  
Of her awakening, here untimely lay  
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.  
She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth  
And bear this work of heaven with patience ;  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,  
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.  
All this I know ; and to the marriage  
Her nurse is privy : and, if aught in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,  
Unto the rigour of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy man.  
Where 's Romeo's man ? what can he say to this ?

*Bal.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;  
And then in post he came from Mantua  
To this same place, to this same monument.  
This letter he early bid me give his father,  
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,  
If I departed not and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter ; I will look on it.  
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch ?  
Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did ;  
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb ;  
And by and by my master drew on him ;  
And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's words,  
Their course of love, the tidings of her death :  
And here he writes that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.  
Where be these enemies? Capulet ! Montague !  
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love ;  
And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen : all are punish'd.

*Cap.* O brother Montague ! give me thy hand ;  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more ;  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;  
That while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

*Prince.* Agloom'ing peace this morning with it brings ;  
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head :  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;  
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

*Exeunt.*



TIMON OF ATHENS



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

|             |   |                          |
|-------------|---|--------------------------|
| LUCIUS,     | } | <i>flattering Lords.</i> |
| LUCULLUS,   |   |                          |
| SEMPRONIUS, |   |                          |

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian Captain.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

|            |   |                           |
|------------|---|---------------------------|
| FLAMINIUS, | } | <i>Servants to Timon.</i> |
| LUCILIUS,  |   |                           |
| SERVILIUS, |   |                           |

|             |   |                                       |
|-------------|---|---------------------------------------|
| CAPHIS,     | } | <i>Servants to Timon's Creditors.</i> |
| PHILOTUS,   |   |                                       |
| TITUS,      |   |                                       |
| LUCIUS,     |   |                                       |
| HORTENSIUS, |   |                                       |

*Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.*

*An old Athenian.*

*Servants to Varro and Isidore, two of Timon's Creditors.*

*Three Strangers.*

*A Page.*

*A Fool.*

|           |   |                                  |
|-----------|---|----------------------------------|
| PHRYNIA,  | } | <i>Mistresses to Alcibiades.</i> |
| TIMANDRA, |   |                                  |

*Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.*

*Cupid and Amazons in the Masque.*

## SCENE

*Athens, and the neighbouring Woods.*

# TIMON OF ATHENS

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and  
Others, at several doors.*

*Poet.* Good day, sir.

*Pain.* I am glad you're well:

*Poet.* I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.

*Poet.* Ay, that's well known;

But what particular rarity? what strange,  
Which manifold record not matches? See,  
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O! 'tis a worthy lord.

*Jew.* Nay, that's most fix'd.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man, breath'd, as it  
were,

To an untirable and continue goodness:

He passes.

*Jew.* I have a jewel here—

*Mer.* O! pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

*Poet.* *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,  
It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good.*

*Mer.* Looking at the jewel. 'Tis a good form.

*Jew.* And rich : here is a water, look ye.

*Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourish'd : the fire i' the flint

Shows not till it be struck ; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and like the current flies

Each bound it chafes. What have you there ?

*Pain.* A picture, sir. When comes your book forth ?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis : this comes off well and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable ! How this grace

Speaks his own standing ! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination

Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch ; is 't good ?

*Poet.* I'll say of it,

It tutors nature : artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, who pass over the stage.*

*Pain.* How this lord is followed !

*Poet.* The senators of Athens : happy man !

*Pain.* Look, more !

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment: my free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
As well of glib and slippery creatures as  
Of grave and austere quality, tender down  
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer  
To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states: amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.  
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
In our condition.

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on.  
All those which were his fellows but of late,  
Some better than his value, on the moment  
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,  
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him  
Drink the free air.

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these ?

*Poet.* When Fortune in her shift and change of  
mood  
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common :  
A thousand moral paintings I can show  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's  
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well  
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Lord TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor ; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him. LUCILIUS and other servants following.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you ?

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt,  
His means most short, his creditors most strait :  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up ; which failing,  
Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius ! Well ;  
I am not of that feather to shake off  
My friend when he must need me. I do know him  
A gentleman that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt and free him.

*Mess.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;

And being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,

But to support him after. Fare you well.

*Mess.* All happiness to your honour !

*Exit.*

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

*Tim.* I have so : what of him ?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here or no ? Lucilius !

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man

That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,

And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd

Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well ; what further ?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got :

The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,

And I have bred her at my dearest cost

In qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her love : I prithee, noble lord,

Join with me to forbid him her resort ;

Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon :

His honesty rewards him in itself ;

It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us

What levity's in youth.

*Tim. To LUCILIUS.* Love you the maid?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,  
I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd  
If she be mated with an equal husband?

*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present; in future, all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long :  
To build his fortune I will strain a little,  
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter ;  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

*Tim.* My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship : never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping  
Which is not ow'd to you !

*Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian.*

*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship !

*Tim.* I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :  
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man ;  
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,  
He is but outside : these pencill'd figures are  
Even such as they give out. I like your work ;

And you shall find I like it : wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

*Pain.* The gods preserve you !

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman : give me your hand ;  
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord ! dispraise ?

*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclaw me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated  
As those which sell would give : but you well know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters. Believe 't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Mer.* No, my good lord ; he speaks the common  
tongue,  
Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here. Will you be chid ?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

*Jew.* We'll bear, with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus !

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good  
morrow ;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves ? thou  
know'st them not.

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians ?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Thou know'st I do ; I call'd thee by thy  
name.



*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

*Tim.* Whither art going?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

*Tim.* That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?

*Apem.* He wrought better that made the painter ; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* You 're a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother 's of my generation : what 's she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No ; I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou should'st, thou 'dst anger ladies.

*Apem.* O ! they eat lords ; so they come by great bellies.

*Tim.* That 's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So thou apprehendest it, take it for thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking. How now, poet !

*Poet.* How now, philosopher !

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one ?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet ?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest : look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feigned ; he is so.

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour : he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord !

*Tim.* What would'st do then, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* E'en as Apemantus does now ; hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself ?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore ?

*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not thou a merchant ?

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not !

*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee !

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that ?

*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,  
All of companionship.

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them ; give them guide to us.

*Exeunt some Attendants.*

You must needs dine with me. Go not you hence  
Till I have thank'd you ; and, when dinner's done,  
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir !

*Apem.* So, so ; there !

Aches contract and starve your supple joints !

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet  
knaves,

And all this courtesy ! The strain of man's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey.

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungerly on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir !  
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*

*Enter two Lords.*

*First Lord.* What time o' day is 't, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

*First Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

*Second Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast ?

*Apem.* Ay ; to see meat fill knaves and wine heat  
fools.

*Second Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

*Second Lord.* Why, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean  
to give thee none.

*First Lord.* Hang thyself !

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding : make  
thy requests to thy friend.

*Second Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog ! or I'll spurn  
thee hence.

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass.

*Exit.*

*First Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come,  
shall we in

And taste Lord Timon's bounty ? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness.

*Second Lord.* He pours it out ; Plutus, the god of  
gold,

Is but his steward : no meed but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself ; no gift to him  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding

All use of quittance.

*First Lord.* The noblest mind he carries  
That ever govern'd man.

*Second Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes ! Shall  
we in ?

*First Lord.* I'll keep you company. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in  
TIMON'S House.*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served  
in ; FLAVIUS and Others attending : then enter Lord  
TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VEN-  
TIDIUS. Then comes, dropping after all, APE-  
MANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.*

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon,  
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,  
And call him to long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich ;  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help  
I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O ! by no means,  
Honest Ventidius ; you mistake my love ;  
I gave it freely ever ; and there's none  
Can truly say he gives, if he receives :  
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them ; faults that are rich are fair.

*Ven.* A noble spirit !

*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*

*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at  
first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
 Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes  
 Than my fortunes to me. *They sit.*

*First Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho ! confess'd it ; hang'd it, have you  
 not ?

*Tim.* O ! Apemantus, you are welcome.

*Apem.*

No ;

You shall not make me welcome :

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

*Tim.* Fie ! thou 'rt a churl ; ye 've got a humour there  
 Does not become a man ; 'tis much to blame.  
 They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est*,  
 But yond man is ever angry.  
 Go, let him have a table by himself,  
 For he does neither affect company,  
 Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon :  
 I come to observe ; I give thee warning on 't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee ; thou 'rt an Athenian ;  
 therefore welcome. I myself would have no power ;  
 prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choke me, for I  
 should

Ne'er flatter thee. O you gods ! what a number  
 Of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not.

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat  
 In one man's blood ; and all the madness is,  
 He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men :  
 Methinks they should invite them without knives ;  
 Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There 's much example for 't ; the fellow that  
 Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges  
 The breath of him in a divided draught,  
 Is the readiest man to kill him ; it has been proved.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,  
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes :  
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

*Tim.* My lord, in heart ; and let the health go round.

*Second Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way ! A brave fellow ! he keeps  
his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy  
state look ill, Timon.

Here 's that which is too weak to be a sinner,  
Honest water which ne'er left man i' the mire :  
This and my food are equals, there 's no odds.  
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;  
I pray for no man but myself :  
Grant I may never prove so fond,  
To trust man on his oath or bond ;  
Or a harlot for her weeping ;  
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping ;  
Or a keeper with my freedom ;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
Amen. So fall to 't :  
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field  
now.

*Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies  
than a dinner of friends.

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's  
no meat like 'em : I could wish my best friend at such  
a feast.

*Apem.* Would all those flatterers were thine enemies  
then, that then thou might'st kill 'em and bid me to 'em.

*First Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my

lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

*Tim.* O ! no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : how had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods ! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em ? they were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits ; and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends ? O ! what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes. O joy ! e'en made away ere 't can be born. Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apen.* Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

*Second Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

*Apen.* Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

*Third Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

*Apen.* Much !

*Tucket sounded.*

*Tim.* What means that trump ?

*Enter a Servant.*

How now !

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies ! What are their wills ?

*Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord,  
which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter CUPID.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon ; and to all  
That of his bounties taste ! The five best senses  
Acknowledge thee their patron ; and come freely  
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. Th' ear,  
Taste, touch, and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise ;  
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They 're welcome all ; let 'em have kind ad-  
mittance :

Music, make their welcome !

*Exit CUPID.*

*First Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you 're  
belov'd.

*Music.* *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as  
Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and  
playing.*

*Apem.* Hoy-day ! what a sweep of vanity comes this  
way :

They dance ! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves ;

And spend our flatteries to drink those men

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that 's not depraved or depraves ?

Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift ?

I should fear those that dance before me now

Would one day stamp upon me : 't has been done ;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.



*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and to show their loves each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,  
And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
I am to thank you for 't.

*First Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

*Apem.* Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking. I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet  
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Ladies.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Exeunt CUPID and Ladies*

*Tim.* Flavius!

*Flav.* My lord!

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord. *Aside.* More jewels yet!  
There is no crossing him in 's humour;  
Else I should tell him, well, i' faith, I should,  
When all 's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.  
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

*Exit.*

*First Lord.* Where be our men?

*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

*Second Lord.* Our horses!

*Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.*

*Tim.* O my friends! I have one word to say to you.  
Look you, my good lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much  
As to advance this jewel ; accept it and wear it,  
Kind my lord.

*First Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate  
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* . . . . . I beseech your honour,  
Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near ! why, then another time I'll hear thee.  
I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

*Flav. Aside.* I scarce know how.

*Enter another Servant.*

*Second Serv.* May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly ; let the presents  
Be worthily entertain'd.

*Enter a third Servant.*

How now ! what news ?

*Third Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable  
gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-  
morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour  
two brace of greyhounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him ; and let them be receiv'd,  
Not without fair reward.

*Flav. Aside.* . . . . . What will this come to ?  
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffer :  
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good.  
His promises fly so beyond his state  
That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes  
For every word : he is so kind that he now  
Pays interest for 't ; his land 's put to their books.  
Well, would I were gently put out of office  
Before I were forc'd out !  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed  
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.  
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

*Exit.*

*Tim.* You do yourselves  
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits :  
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

*Second Lord.* With more than common thanks I will  
receive it.

*Third Lord.* O ! he 's the very soul of bounty.

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave  
Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on : it is yours, because you lik'd it.

*Third Lord.* O ! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,  
in that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord ; I know no man  
Can justly praise but what he does affect :  
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;  
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

*All Lords.* O ! none so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;  
Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich ;  
It comes in charity to thee ; for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.* Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

*First Lord.* We are so virtuously bound—

*Tim.*

And so

Am I to you.

*Second Lord.* So infinitely endear'd—

*Tim.* All to you. Lights, more lights !

*First Lord.* The best of happiness,

Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon !

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

*Exeunt ALCIBIADES, Lords, etc.*

*Apem.*

What a coil's here !

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums !

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs :

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
I would be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing ; for if I should be bribed too,  
there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then  
thou would'st sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon,  
I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly :  
what need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories ?

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am  
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell ; and come  
with better music.

*Exit.*

*Apem.* So :

Thou wilt not hear me now ; thou shalt not then ;

I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O ! that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery.

*Exit.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Room in a Senator's House.*

*Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.*

*Sen.* And late, five thousand : to Varro and to Isidore  
He owes nine thousand ; besides my former sum,  
Which makes it five-and-twenty. Still in motion  
Of raging waste ! It cannot hold ; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold ;  
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more  
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,  
And able horses. No porter at his gate,  
But rather one that smiles and still invites  
All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason  
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho !  
Caphis, I say !

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir ; what is your pleasure ?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord  
Timon ;

Importune him for my moneys ; be not ceas'd  
With slight denial, nor then silenc'd when—  
'Commend me to your master'—and the cap  
Plays in the right hand, thus ; but tell him,  
My uses cry to me ; I must serve my turn  
Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,  
And my reliances on his fracted dates  
Have smit my credit : I love and honour him,  
But must not break my back to heal his finger ;  
Immediate are my needs, and my relief

Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
But find supply immediate. Get you gone :  
Put on a most importunate aspect,  
A visage of demand ; for I do fear,  
When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* 'I go, sir !' Take the bonds along with you,  
And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.*

I will, sir.

*Sen.*

Go.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop ! so senseless of expense,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot : takes no account  
How things go from him, nor resumes no care  
Of what is to continue : never mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done ? He will not hear, till feel.  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
Fie, fie, fie, fie !

*Enter CAPHIUS, and the Servants of ISIDORE  
and VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even, Varro. What !  
You come for money ?

*Var. Serv.* Is 't not your business too ?

*Caph.* It is : and yours too, Isidore ?

*Isid. Serv.*

It is so.

*Caph.* Would we were all discharg'd !

*Var. Serv.* I fear it.

*Caph.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, etc.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,  
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?

*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues! Whence are you?

*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord.

*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off  
To the succession of new days this month:  
My master is awak'd by great occasion  
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you  
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,  
In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,

I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

*Var. Serv.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six  
weeks

And past.

*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord;  
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;  
I'll wait upon you instantly.

*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*

*To FLAVIUS.* Come hither: pray you,  
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd  
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business :  
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends.  
See them well entertained.

*Exit.*

*Flav.* Pray, draw near. *Exit.*

*Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.*

*Caph.* Stay, stay ; here comes the fool with Ape-  
mantus : let 's ha' some sport with 'em.

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he 'll abuse us.

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog !

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool ?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No ; 'tis to thyself. *To the Fool.* Come away.

*Isid. Serv.* There 's the fool hangs on your back  
already.

*Apem.* No, thou standest single ; thou 'rt not on him  
yet.

*Caph.* Where 's the fool now ?

*Apem.* He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and  
usurers' men ! bawds between gold and want !

*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All Serv.* Why ?

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not  
know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen ?

*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool. How does your  
mistress ?

*Fool.* She 's e'en setting on water to scald such



chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

*Apem.* Good! gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

*Page.* *To the Fool.* Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*Page.* Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. *Exit.*

*Apem.* E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

*All Serv.* Ay; would they served us.

*Apem.* So would I, as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

*Var. Serv.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than 's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother and woman; sometime the philosopher.

*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*

*Flav.* Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

*Exeunt Servants.*

*Tim.* You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time I had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense As I had leave of means?

*Flav.* You would not hear me,  
At many leisures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to:  
Perchance some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back;  
And that unaptness made your minister,  
Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.*

O my good lord !

At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,  
And say you found them in mine honesty.  
When for some trifling present you have bid me  
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept ;  
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you  
To hold your hand more close : I did endure  
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have  
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate  
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,  
Though you hear now, too late, yet now 's a time,  
The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.*

Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone ;  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues ; the future comes apace ;  
What shall defend the interim ? and at length  
How goes our reckoning ?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord ! the world is but a word ;  
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone.

*Tim.*

You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,  
Call me before the exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
When all our offices have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,  
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.*

Prithee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens ! have I said, the bounty of this lord,

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants  
This night englutted ! Who is not Timon's ?  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord  
Timon's ?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon !  
Ah ! when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :  
Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further :  
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.  
Why dost thou weep ? Canst thou the conscience lack,  
To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy heart ;  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,  
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts !

*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine are  
crown'd,  
That I account them blessings ; for by these  
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you  
Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there ! Flaminus ! Servilius !

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

*Servants.* My lord ! my lord !

*Tim.* I will dispatch you severally : you to Lord  
Lucius ; to Lord Lucullus you ; I hunted with his  
honour to-day ; you, to Sempronius. Commend me to  
their loves ; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions  
have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money :  
let the request be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Flav. Aside.* Lord Lucius ? and Lucullus ? hum !

*Tim. To another Servant.* Go you, sir, to the senators,  
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing, bid 'em send o' the instant A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,  
For that I knew it the most general way,  
To them to use your signet and your name ;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is 't true? can 't be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would ; are sorry ; you are honourable ;  
But yet they could have wish'd ; they know not ;  
Something hath been amiss ; a noble nature  
May catch a wrench ; would all were well ; 'tis pity ;  
And so, intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,  
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods  
'They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them !  
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary ;  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind ;  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

*To a Servant.* Go to Ventidius. *To FLAVIUS.* Prithee,  
be not sad,  
Thou art true and honest ; ingenuously I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee. *To Servant.* Ventidius lately  
Buried his father ; by whose death he 's stepp'd  
Into a great estate ; when he was poor,  
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,  
I clear'd him with five talents ; greet him from me ;

Bid him suppose some good necessity  
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
With those five talents. *Exit Servant.*

*To FLAVIUS.* That had, give 't these fellows  
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

*Flav.* I would I could not think it : that thought is  
bounty's foe ;  
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. *Exeunt.*

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Room in LUCULLUS'S House.*

*FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you ; he is coming down  
to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul. Aside.* One of Lord Timon's men ! a gift, I  
warrant. Why, this hits right ; I dreamt of a silver  
basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius,  
you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some  
wine. *Exit Servant.*

And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted  
gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and  
master ?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And  
what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius ?

*Flam.* Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which,  
in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to

supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas! good lord; a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. *To the Servant.* Get you gone, sirrah. *Exit Servant.*

Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is 't possible the world should so much differ, And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee!

*Throwing the money away.*

*Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

*Exit.*

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee !

Let molten coin be thy damnation,  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself !  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart  
It turns in less than two nights ? O you gods !  
I feel my master's passion. This slave unto his honour  
Has my lord's meat in him :  
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment  
When he is turn'd to poison ?  
O ! may diseases only work upon 't,  
And when he 's sick to death, let not that part of  
nature  
Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public Place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who ? the Lord Timon ? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

*First Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours : now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fie, no, do not believe it ; he cannot want for money.

*Second Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How !



*Second Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that ! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man ! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his ; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord ; I have sweat to see his honour. *To LUCIUS.* My honoured lord !

*Luc.* Servilius ! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well ; commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha ! what has he sent ? I am so much endeared to that lord ; he 's ever sending : how shall I thank him, thinkest thou ? And what has he sent now ?

*Ser.* He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord ; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

*Luc.* I know his lordship is but merry with me ; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

*Ser.* But in the meantime he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius ?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable ! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour ! Servilius, now, before

the gods, I am not able to do ; the more beast, I say ; I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness ; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship ; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind ; and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him ?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

*Exit SERVILIUS.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed ;  
And he that 's once denied will hardly speed. *Exit.*

*First Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

*Second Stran.* Ay, too well.

*First Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul ; and just  
of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him  
His friend that dips in the same dish ? for in  
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,  
And kept his credit with his purse,  
Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money  
Has paid his men their wages : he ne'er drinks  
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;  
And yet, O ! see the monstrousness of man,  
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape,  
He does deny him, in respect of his,  
What charitable men afford to beggars.

*Third Stran.* Religion groans at it.

*First Stran.*

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,  
Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,  
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,

And honourable carriage,  
 Had his necessity made use of me,  
 I would have put my wealth into donation,  
 And the best half should have return'd to him,  
 So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,  
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;  
 For policy sits above conscience. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S House.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in 't? Hum! 'bove  
 all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;  
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
 Whom he redeem'd from prison : all these  
 Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* My lord,  
 They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for  
 They have all denied him.

*Sem.* How! have they denied him?  
 Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?  
 And does he send to me? Three? hum!  
 It shows but little love or judgment in him :  
 Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,  
 Thrice give him over ; must I take the cure upon me?  
 He has much disgrac'd me in 't ; I'm angry at him,  
 That might have known my place. I see no sense for 't,  
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;  
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
 That e'er received gift from him :  
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
 That I'll requite it last? No :

So it may prove an argument of laughter  
To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.  
I 'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;  
I 'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,  
And with their faint reply this answer join ;  
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

*Exit.*

*Serv.* Excellent ! Your lordship 's a goodly villain.  
The devil knew not what he did when he made man  
politic ; he crossed himself by 't : and I cannot think  
but in the end the villanies of man will set him clear.  
How fairly this lord strives to appear foul ! takes vir-  
tuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot  
ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire :  
Of such a nature is his politic love.  
This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled  
Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,  
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
Now to guard sure their master :  
And this is all a liberal course allows ;  
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*First Var. Serv.* Well met ; good morrow, Titus  
and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*Hor.*

Lucius !

What ! do we meet together ?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and I think  
One business does command us all ; for mine  
Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And Sir Philotus too !

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother.  
What do you think the hour ?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much ?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet ?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder on 't ; he was wont to shine at seven.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with  
him :

You must consider that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable.  
I fear

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse ;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how to observe a strange event.  
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.

*Hor.* I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness :

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

*First Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns;  
what's yours?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

*First Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should  
seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

*Enter FLAMINIUS.*

*Tit.* One of Lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord  
ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows you are  
too diligent. *Exit.*

*Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?  
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

*Second Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

*Flav.* What do ye ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills  
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?  
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,  
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.  
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;  
Let me pass quietly:  
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you ;

For you serve knaves.

*Exit.*

*First Var. Serv.* How ! what does his cashiered worship mutter ?

*Second Var. Serv.* No matter what ; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in ? such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O ! here's Servilius ; now we shall know some answer.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't ; for, take 't on my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him ; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers are not sick : An if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

*Ser.*

Good gods !

*Tit.* We cannot take this for answer, sir.

*Flam. Within.* Servilius, help ! my lord ! my lord !

*Enter TIMON, in a rage ; FLAMINIUS following.*

*Tim.* What ! are my doors oppos'd against my passage ?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol ?

The place which I have feasted, does it now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart ?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em : cleave me to the girdle.

*Luc. Serv.* Alas ! my lord,—

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that. What yours ?  
and yours ?

*First Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Second Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Tim.* Tear me, take me ; and the gods fall upon you !  
*Exit.*

*Hor.* Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money : these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. *Exeunt.*

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves :

Creditors ? devils !

*Flav.* My dear lord,—

*Tim.* What if it should be so ?

*Flav.* My lord,—

*Tim.* I'll have it so. My steward !

*Flav.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly ! Go, bid all my friends again,  
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius ; all :  
I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.*

O my lord !

You only speak from your distracted soul ;  
There is not so much left to furnish out



A moderate table.

*Tit.* Be 't not in thy care ; go,  
I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide  
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I 'll provide.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. The Senate-house.*

*The Senate sitting.*

*First Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it ; the fault 's  
Bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die ;  
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

*Second Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

*Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

*Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion to the senate !

*First Sen.* Now, captain ?

*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;  
For pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.  
He is a man, setting his fate aside,  
Of comely virtues ;  
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,  
An honour in him which buys out his fault,  
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
He did oppose his foe ;  
And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,  
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

*First Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :  
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd  
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling  
Upon the head of valour ; which indeed  
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world  
When sects and factions were newly born.  
He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs  
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.  
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,  
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

*Alcib.* My lord,—

*First Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;  
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
And not endure all threats ? sleep upon 't,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats  
Without repugnancy ? If there be  
Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad ? why then, women are more valiant  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,  
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon  
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,  
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords !  
As you are great, be pitifully good :  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?  
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;  
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.  
To be in anger is impiety ;  
But who is man that is not angry ?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

*Second Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain ! his service done

At Lacedæmon and Byzantium  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

*First Sen.* What 's that ?

*Alcib.* I say, my lords, he has done fair service,  
And slain in fight many of your enemies.  
How full of valour did he bear himself  
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

*Second Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em ;  
He 's a sworn rioter ; he has a sin that often  
Drowns him and takes his valour prisoner ;  
If there were no foes, that were enough  
To overcome him ; in that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages  
And cherish factions ; 'tis inferr'd to us,  
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

*First Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate ! he might have died in war.  
My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,  
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both ;  
And, for I know your reverend ages love  
Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all  
My honour to you, upon his good returns.  
If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore ;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

*First Sen.* We are for law ; he dies : urge it no more,  
On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you, know me.

*Second Sen.* How !

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

*Third Sen.* What !

*Alcib.* I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;  
It could not else be I should prove so base,  
'To sue, and be denied such common grace.  
My wounds ache at you.

*First Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?  
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;  
We banish thee for ever.

*Alcib.* Banish me !  
Banish your dotage ; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

*First Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain  
thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our  
spirit,  
He shall be executed presently. *Exeunt Senators.*

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough ; that you  
may live  
Only in bone, that none may look on you !  
I'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money and let out  
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself  
Rich only in large hurts : All those for this ?  
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate  
Pours into captains' wounds ? Banishment !  
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds ;  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. *Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. A Room of State in  
TIMON'S House.*

*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter  
divers Lords, Senators, and Others, at several doors.*

*First Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

*Second Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this  
honourable lord did but try us this other day.

*First Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring when  
we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as  
he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

*Second Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of  
his new feasting.

*First Lord.* I should think so: he hath sent me an  
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did  
urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond  
them, and I must needs appear.

*Second Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my  
importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse.  
I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my pro-  
vision was out.

*First Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I under-  
stand how all things go.

*Second Lord.* Every man here's so. What would  
he have borrowed of you?

*First Lord.* A thousand pieces.

*Second Lord.* A thousand pieces!

*First Lord.* What of you?

*Third Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter TIMON and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how  
fare you?

*First Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your  
lordship.

*Second Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

*Tim. Aside.* Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

*First Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

*Tim.* O! sir, let it not trouble you.

*Second Lord.* My noble lord,—

*Tim.* Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

*Second Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me I was so unfortunate a beggar.

*Tim.* Think not on 't, sir.

*Second Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

*The banquet brought in.*

Come, bring in all together.

*Second Lord.* All covered dishes!

*First Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

*Third Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

*First Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

*Third Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

*First and Second Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

*Third Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

*First Lord.* How? how?

*Second Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?

*Third Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

*Second Lord.* This is the old man still.

*Third Lord.* Will 't hold? will 't hold?

*Second Lord.* It does; but time will—and so—

*Third Lord.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress ; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place : sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised : but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another ; for were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains : if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods ! the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean ?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,  
You knot of mouth-friends ! smoke and luke-warm  
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last ;  
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

*Throwing the water in their faces.*

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks !  
Of man and beast the infinite malady  
Crust you quite o'er ! What ! dost thou go ?  
Soft ! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou :—  
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

*Throws the dishes at them.*

What ! all in motion ? Henceforth be no feast,  
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.  
Burn, house ! sink, Athens ! henceforth hated be  
Of Timon man and all humanity ! *Exit.*

*Re-enter the Lords, Senators, etc.*

*First Lord.* How now, my lords !

*Second Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's  
fury ?

*Third Lord.* Push ! did you see my cap ?

*Fourth Lord.* I have lost my gown.

*Third Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but  
humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other  
day, and now he has beat it out of my hat : did you  
see my jewel ?

*Fourth Lord.* Did you see my cap ?

*Second Lord.* Here 'tis.

*Fourth Lord.* Here lies my gown.

*First Lord.* Let's make no stay.

*Second Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

*Third Lord.* I feel 't upon my bones.

*Fourth Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next  
day stones. *Exeunt.*



## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,  
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,  
And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incontinent !  
Obedience fail in children ! Slaves and fools,  
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,  
And minister in their steads ! To general filths  
Convert, o' the instant, green virginity !  
Do 't in your parents' eyes ! Bankrupts, hold fast ;  
Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters' throats ! Bound servants, steal !  
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed ;  
Thy mistress is o' the brothel ! Son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,  
With it beat out his brains ! Piety, and fear,  
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries,  
And yet confusion live ! Plagues, incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold sciatica,  
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their manners ! Lust and liberty  
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,  
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,  
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop

Be general leprosy ! Breath infect breath,  
That their society, as their friendship, may  
Be merely poison ! Nothing I 'll bear from thee  
But nakedness, thou detestable town !  
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans !  
Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find  
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—  
The Athenians both within and out that wall !  
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
To the whole race of mankind, high and low !

Amen. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

*First Serv.* Hear you, Master steward ! where 's our  
master ?

Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?

*Flav.* Alack ! my fellows, what should I say to you ?  
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,  
I am as poor as you.

*First Serv.* Such a house broke !  
So noble a master fall'n ! All gone, and not  
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him !

*Second Serv.* As we do turn our backs  
From our companion thrown into his grave,  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,  
Like empty purses pick'd ; and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

*Third Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
Hearing the surges threat : we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

*Flav.* Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I 'll share amongst you.  
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake  
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,  
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some ;

*Giving them money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :  
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

*They embrace, and part several ways.*

O ! the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us.  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?  
Who 'd be so mock'd with glory ? or so live  
But in a dream of friendship ?  
To have his pomp and all what state compounds  
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?  
Poor honest lord ! brought low by his own heart,  
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,  
When man's worst sin is he does too much good !  
Who then dares to be half so kind again ?  
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accurs'd,  
Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes  
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas ! kind lord ;  
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat  
Of monstrous friends ;

Nor has he with him to supply his life,  
Or that which can command it.  
I'll follow and inquire him out:  
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;  
Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still.      *Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Woods and Cave, near the Sea-shore.*

*Enter TIMON from the Cave.*

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun ! draw from the earth  
Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb  
Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,  
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes ;  
The greater scorns the lesser : not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature.  
Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord ;  
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
The beggar native honour.  
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,  
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,  
In purity of manhood stand upright,  
And say ' This man 's a flatterer ' ? if one be,  
So are they all ; for every grize of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool : all is oblique ;  
There 's nothing level in our cursed natures  
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd  
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !  
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :  
Destruction fang mankind ! Earth, yield me roots !

*Digging.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate

With thy most operant poison ! What is here ?  
 Gold ! yellow, glittering, precious gold ! No, gods,  
 I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens !  
 Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,  
 Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.  
 Ha ! you gods, why this ? What this, you gods ?

Why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,  
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :  
 This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions ; bless the accurs'd ;  
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,  
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
 With senators on the bench ; this is it

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;  
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores  
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,  
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds  
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
 Do thy right nature. *March afar off.*

Ha ! a drum ? Thou 'rt quick,  
 But yet I 'll bury thee : thou 'lt go, strong thief,  
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand :  
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. *Keeping some gold.*

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in war-like  
 manner ; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.*

*Alcib.* What art thou there ? speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy  
 heart,  
 For showing me again the eyes of man !

*Alcib.* What is thy name ? Is man so hateful to thee  
 That art thyself a man ?

*Tim.* I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.  
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

*Alcib.* I know thee well ;

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

*Tim.* I know theetoo ; and more than that I know thee

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum ;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules ;

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;

Then what should war be ? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

*Phry.* Thy lips rot off !

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee ; then the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this change ?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give :  
But then renew I could not like the moon ;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee ?

*Tim.* None, but to maintain my opinion.

*Alcib.* What is it, Timon ?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none : if  
thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou  
art a man ! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for  
thou art a man !

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timan.* Isthis the Athenian minion whom the world  
Voic'd so regardfully ?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra ?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still ; they love thee not that  
use thee ;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours ; season the slaves

For tubs and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth  
To the tub-fast and the diet.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster !

*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits  
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt  
In my penurious band : I have heard and griev'd  
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,  
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —

*Tim.* I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?  
I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well :  
Here is some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep it, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap, —

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens ?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all in thy conquest ; and  
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd !

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon ?

*Tim.* That by killing of villains thou wast born to  
conquer

My country.

Put up thy gold : go on, — here 's gold, — go on ;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air : let not thy sword skip one.

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard ;

He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron ;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself 's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,  
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,  
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,  
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;  
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects ;  
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers :  
Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet ? I 'll take the gold thou  
giv'st me,  
Not all thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse  
upon thee !

*Phr., Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon :  
hast thou more ?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,  
Your aprons mountant : you are not oathable,  
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear  
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues  
The immortal gods that hear you, spare your oaths,  
I 'll trust to your conditions : be whores still ;  
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;  
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  
And be no turncoats : yet may your pains, six months,  
Be quite contrary : and thatch your poor thin roofs  
With burdens of the dead ; some that were hang'd,  
No matter ; wear them, betray with them : whore still ;  
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :  
'A pox of wrinkles !



*Phr., Timan.* Well, more gold. What then ?  
Believe 't, that we 'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow  
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen,  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself : down with the nose,  
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away  
Of him that, his particular to foresee,  
Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruf-  
fians bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you : plague all,  
That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection. There 's more gold ;  
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave you all !

*Phr., Timan.* More counsel with more money,  
bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first ; I have given  
you earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens ! Farewell,  
Timon :

If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm ?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take  
Thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him. Strike !

*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA,  
and TIMANDRA.*

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

Should yet be hungry ! Common mother, thou,  
*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,  
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !  
Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented ! O ! a root ; dear thanks :  
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;  
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips !

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man ! Plague ! plague !

*Apem.* I was directed hither : men report  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog  
Whom I would imitate : consumption catch thee !

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but infected ;  
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this place ?  
This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,  
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,  
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus ;  
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bid welcome,  
To knaves and all approachers : 'tis most just  
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee I 'd throw away myself.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself ;  
A madman so long, now a fool. What ! think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moss'd trees,  
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels  
And skip when thou point'st out ? will the cold brook,  
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures  
Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer mere nature ; bid them flatter thee ;  
O ! thou shalt find—

*Tim.* A fool of thee. Depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why ?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out ?

*Apem.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.  
Dost please thyself in 't ?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* What ! a knave too ?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well ; but thou  
Dost it enforcedly ; thou 'dst courtier be again  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before ;  
The one is filling still, never complete ;  
The other, at high wish : best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content.  
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath that is more miserable.  
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.  
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded  
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive drudges of it  
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself  
In general riot ; melted down thy youth  
In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
Who had the world as my confectionary,  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men  
At duty, more than I could frame employment,  
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows ; I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden :  
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why should'st thou hate  
men ?

They never flatter'd thee : what hast thou given ?  
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,  
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff  
To some she beggar and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone !

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet ?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was  
No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now :  
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,  
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.  
That the whole life of Athens were in this !  
Thus would I eat it. *Eating a root.*

*Apem.* Here ; I will mend thy feast.

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thyself.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of  
thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;  
If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What would'st thou have to Athens ?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,  
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best and truest ;  
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where liest o' nights, Timon ?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.  
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather,  
where I eat it.

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient and knew my  
mind !

*Apem.* Where would'st thou send it ?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest,  
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in  
thy guilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too  
much curiosity ; in thy rags thou knowest none, but

art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

*Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf; if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner; wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury; wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the

leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast could'st thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

*Apem.* If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here; the common-wealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

*Apem.* A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee.

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* Would thou would'st burst!

*Tim.* Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee. *Throws a stone at him.*

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.*

Rogue, rogue, rogue !

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought  
But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;  
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat  
Thy grave-stone daily : make thine epitaph,  
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

*Looking on the gold.* O thou sweet king-killer, and dear  
divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler  
Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !  
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,  
That solder'st close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kiss ! that speak'st with every tongue,  
To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !  
Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue  
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire.

*Apem.*

Would 'twere so ;

But not till I am dead ; I'll say thou 'st gold :

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.*

Throng'd to ?

*Apem.*

Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I prithee.*Apem.*

Live, and love thy misery !

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die !*Exit APEMANTUS.*

I am quit.

More things like men ! Eat, Timon, and abhor  
them.

*Enter Thieves.*

*First Thief.* Where should he have this gold ? It is  
some fragment, some slender ort of his remainder.



The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

*Second Thief.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

*Third Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him : if he care not for't, he will supply us easily ; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it ?

*Second Thief.* True ; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

*First Thief.* Is not this he ?

*All.* Where ?

*Second Thief.* 'Tis his description.

*Third Thief.* He ; I know him.

*All.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves ?

*All.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too ; and women's sons.

*All.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath roots ;  
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs ;  
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips ;  
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush  
Lays her full mess before you. Want ! why want ?

*First Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries,  
water,

As beasts and birds and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and  
fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con  
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not  
In holier shapes ; for there is boundless theft  
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,  
Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,  
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging : trust not the physician ;  
His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
More than you rob : take wealth and lives together ;  
Do villany, do, since you protest to do 't,  
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery :  
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
Robs the vast sea ; the moon's an arrant thief,  
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ;  
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
The moon into salt tears ; the earth's a thief,  
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen  
From general excrement ; each thing's a thief ;  
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power  
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves ; away !  
Rob one another. There's more gold : cut throats ;  
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,  
Break open shops ; nothing can you steal  
But thieves do lose it : steal no less for this  
I give you ; and gold confound you howsoe'er !  
Amen.

*Third Thief.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

*First Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

*Second Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

*First Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens ; there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

*Exeunt Thieves.*

*Enter FLAVIUS.*

*Flav.* O you gods !  
Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord ?  
Full of decay and failing ? O monument  
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !  
What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made !  
What viler thing upon the earth than friends  
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !  
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wish'd to love his enemies !  
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo  
Those that would mischief me than those that do !  
He has caught me in his eye : I will present  
My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,  
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master !

*TIMON comes forward.*

*Tim.* Away ! what art thou ?

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir ?

*Tim.* Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;  
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then I know thee not :  
I never had honest man about me ; ay, all  
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What ! dost thou weep ? Come nearer. Then  
I love thee,  
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,  
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping :  
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weep-  
ing !

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth lasts  
To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward  
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?  
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man  
Was born of woman.  
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim  
One honest man, mistake me not, but one ;  
No more, I pray, and he 's a steward.  
How fain would I have hated all mankind !  
And thou redeem'st thyself : but all, save thee,  
I fell with curses.  
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise ;  
For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :  
For many so arrive at second masters  
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,  
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,  
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
If not a usuring kindness, and as rich men deal gifts,  
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master ; in whose breast  
Doubt and suspect, alas ! are plac'd too late.  
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast ;  
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.  
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,  
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living ; and, believe it,  
My most honour'd lord,  
For any benefit that points to me,  
Either in hope, or present, I 'd exchange  
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth  
To requite me by making rich yourself.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so. Thou singly honest man,  
Here, take : the gods out of my misery  
I have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy ;  
But thus condition'd : thou shalt build from men ;  
I hate all, curse all, show charity to none,  
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,



*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation ; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too ; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time ; it opens the eyes of expectation ; performance is ever the duller for his act ; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable ; performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

*Enter TIMON, from his cave.*

*Tim. Aside.* Excellent workman ! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him : it must be a personating of himself ; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim. Aside.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work ? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men ? Do so, I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him :  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True ;  
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

*Tim. Aside.* I'll meet you at the turn. What a  
god's gold,  
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple  
Than where swine feed !  
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,

Settlest admired reverence in a slave :  
To thee be worship ; and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey.  
Fit I meet them.

*Advancing.*

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon !

*Pain.* Our late noble master !

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

*Poet.* Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits !  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
What ! to you,  
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence  
To their whole being ! I am rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see 't the better :  
You that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen and known.

*Pain.* He and myself  
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you are honest men.

*Pain.* We are hither come to offer you our service.

*Tim.* Most honest men ! Why, how shall I requite  
you ?

Can you eat roots and drink cold water ? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* Ye 're honest men. Ye 've heard that I have  
gold ;

I am sure you have : speak truth ; ye 're honest men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord ; but therefore  
Came not my friend nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest men ! Thou draw'st a counterfeit  
Best in all Athens : thou 'rt, indeed, the best ;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,  
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth  
That thou art even natural in thine art.  
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,  
I must needs say you have a little fault :  
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I  
You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your honour  
To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You 'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.* Will you indeed ?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There 's never a one of you but trusts a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord ?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,  
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom ; yet remain assur'd  
That he 's a made-up villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well ; I 'll give you gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies :  
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I 'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord ; let 's know them.

*Tim.* You that way and you this, but two in company ;  
Each man apart, all single and alone,  
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.  
If, where thou art two villains shall not be,  
Come not near him. If thou would'st not reside  
But where one villain is, then him abandon.



Hence ! pack ! there's gold ; you came for gold, ye  
slaves :

You have work'd for me, there's payment : hence !  
You are an alchemist, make gold of that.

Out, rascal dogs !

*Beats them out and then retires to his cave.*

*Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.*

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with  
Timon ;

For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.

*First Sen.* Bring us to his cave :

It is our part and promise to the Athenians  
To speak with Timon.

*Second Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same : 'twas time and griefs  
That fram'd him thus : time, with his fairer hand,  
Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,  
And chance it as it may.

*Flav.* Here is his cave.

Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon ! Timon !  
Look out, and speak to friends. The Athenians,  
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :  
Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON from his cave.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn ! Speak, and  
be hang'd :

For each true word, a blister ! and each false  
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking !

*First Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

*Second Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee,  
Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them; and would send them back  
the plague,  
Could I but catch it for them.

*First Sen.* O! forget  
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.  
The senators with one consent of love  
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought  
On special dignities, which vacant lie  
For thy best use and wearing.

*Second Sen.* They confess  
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross;  
Which now the public body, which doth seldom  
Play the recanter, feeling in itself  
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;  
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,  
Together with a recompense more fruitful  
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;  
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth  
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,  
And write in thee the figures of their love,  
Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it;  
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:  
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

*First Sen.* Therefore so please thee to return with us,  
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take  
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name  
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back  
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

*Second Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

*First Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

*Tim.* Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir, thus :  
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,  
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,  
In pity of our aged and our youth  
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,  
And let him take 't at worst ; for their knives care not  
While you have throats to answer : for myself,  
There 's not a whittle in the unruly camp  
But I do prize it at my love before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

*Flav.* Stay not ; all 's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph ;  
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness  
Of health and living now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go ; live still ;  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough !

*First Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country, and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
As common bruit doth put it.

*First Sen.* That 's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

*First Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass  
through them.

*Second Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triumphers

In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them ;  
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them :  
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

*Second Sen.* I like this well ; he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it ; tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

*Flav.* Trouble him no further ; thus you still shall  
find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again ; but say to Athens,  
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;  
Who once a day with his embossed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come,  
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.  
Lips, let sour words go by and language end :  
What is amiss plague and infection mend !  
Graves only be men's works and death their gain !  
Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

*Exit.*

*First Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably  
Coupled to nature.

*Second Sen.* Our hope in him is dead : let us return,  
And strain what other means is left unto us  
In our dear peril.

*First Sen.* It requires swift foot. *Excunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Walls of ATHENS.*

*Enter two Senators and a Messenger.*

*First Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd : are his files  
As full as thy report ?

*Mess.* I have spoke the least ;  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

*Second Sen.* We stand much hazard if they bring not  
Timon.

*Mess.* I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,  
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends : this man was riding  
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter the Senators from TIMON.*

*First Sen.* Here come our brothers.

*Third Sen.* Notalk of Timon, nothing of him expect.  
The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare :  
Ours is the fall, I fear ; our foes the snare. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Woods. TIMON'S Cave, and a  
rude tomb seen.*

*Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.*

*Sold.* By all description this should be the place.  
Who 's here ? speak, ho ! No answer ! what is this ?  
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :

Some beast rear'd this ; here does not live a man.  
Dead, sure ; and this his grave. What 's on this tomb  
I cannot read ; the character I 'll take with wax :  
Our captain hath in every figure skill ;  
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.  
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Walls of ATHENS.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his Powers.*

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach. *A parley sounded.*

*Enter Senators on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice ; till now myself and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power  
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd  
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,  
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,  
Cries of itself, 'No more' : now breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,  
And pury insolence shall break his wind  
With fear and horrid flight.

*First Sen.*

Noble and young,

When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,  
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity.

*Second Sen.*

So did we woo  
Transformed Timon to our city's love

By humble message and by promis'd means :  
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
The common stroke of war.

*First Sen.*                                These walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands from whom  
You have receiv'd your grief; nor are they such  
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should  
fall

For private faults in them.

*Second Sen.* Nor are they living  
Who were the motives that you first went out ;  
Shame that they wanted cunning in excess  
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,  
Into our city with thy banners spread :  
By decimation, and a tithed death,  
If thy revenges hunger for that food  
Which nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,  
And by the hazard of the spotted die  
Let die the spotted.

*First Sen.* All have not offended ;  
For those that were, it is not square to take  
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,  
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :  
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin  
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall  
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,  
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,  
But kill not all together.

*Second Sen.*                      What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile  
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

*First Sen.* Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

*Second Sen.* Throw thy glove,  
Or any token of thine honour else,  
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress  
And not as our confusion, all thy powers  
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alcib.* Then there's my glove ;  
Descend, and open your uncharged ports :  
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,  
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,  
Fall, and no more ; and, to atone your fears  
With my more noble meaning, not a man  
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
But shall be render'd to your public laws  
At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sold.* My noble general, Timon is dead ;  
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :  
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which  
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression  
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft :*

*Seek not my name : a plague consume you wicked caitiffs  
left !*

*Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:  
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here  
thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :  
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,



Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which  
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.    Dead  
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory  
Hereafter more.    Bring me into your city,  
And I will use the olive with my sword ;  
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make  
                    each  
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.  
Let our drums strike.                      *Excunt.*

JULIUS CÆSAR

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,

} *Triumvirs after the death of  
Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO,

PUBLIUS,

POPILIUS LENA,

} *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

} *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

*A Soothsayer.*

CINNA, *a Poet. Another Poet.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, and  
VOLUMNIUS, *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DAR-  
DANIUS, *Servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

*Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.*

## SCENE

*During a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at  
Sardis and near Philippi.*

# JULIUS CÆSAR

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain  
Commoners.*

*Flav.* Hence ! home, you idle creatures, get you  
home :

Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign  
Of your profession ? Speak, what trade art thou ?

*First Com.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?  
You, sir, what trade are you ?

*Second Com.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,  
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

*Second Com.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use  
with a safe conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender  
of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty knave,  
what trade ?

*Second Com.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out  
with me : yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that ? Mend me, thou  
saucy fellow !

*Second Com.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

*Second Com.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl : I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

*Second Com.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings he home ?

What tributaries follow him to Rome  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The livelong day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds  
Made in her concave shores ?  
And do you now put on your best attire ?  
And do you now cull out a holiday ?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?  
Be gone !

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd ;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;  
This way will I. Disrobe the images  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter ; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets :  
So do you too where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soar above the view of men  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public Place.*

*Enter, in proccssion, with music, CÆSAR ; ANTONY, for the course ; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA ; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calpurnia !

*Casca.* Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

*Music ceases.*

*Cæs.*

Calpurnia !

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way  
When he doth run his course. Antonius !

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calpurnia ; for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember :  
When Cæsar says ' Do this,' it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on ; and leave no ceremony out. *Music.*

*Sooth.* Cæsar !

*Cæs.* Ha ! Who calls ?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still : peace yet again !

*Music ceases.*

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press that calls on me ?  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry ' Cæsar ! ' Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that ?

*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of  
March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me ; let me see his face.

*Cas.* Fellow, come from the throng ; look upon  
Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once  
again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer ; let us leave him : pass.

*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and  
CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the course ?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cas.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome : I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;  
I'll leave you.

*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late :  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have :  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am  
Of late with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours ;  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,  
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your  
passion ;  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just :  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,



That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear ;  
And since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :  
Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester ; if you know  
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them ; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Flourish and shout.*

*Bru.* What means this shouting ? I do fear the people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it ?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?  
What is it that you would impart to me ?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently ;  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life ; but for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :

We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point ?' Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his body  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake ; 'tis true, this god did shake ;  
His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
Did lose his lustre ; I did hear him groan ;  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas ! it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'  
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone. *Shout. Flourish.*  
*Bru.* . . . . . Another general shout !  
I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that 'Cæsar' ?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,  
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar'.  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd !  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man ?  
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man,  
O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;  
What you would work me to, I have some aim :  
How I have thought of this and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said  
I will consider ; what you have to say  
I will with patience hear, and find a time

Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :  
Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad

That my weak words have struck but thus much show  
Of fire from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Bru.* I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train :  
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius !

*Ant.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat ;  
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;  
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cæs.* Would he were fatter ! But I fear him not :  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;  
He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd  
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

*Sennet. Excunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

*CASCA stays behind.*

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you  
speak with me ?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanced to-day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not ?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what hath chanced.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him ; and,  
being offered him, he put it by with the back of his  
hand, thus ; and then the people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offered him thrice ?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice,  
every time gentler than other ; and at every putting-by  
mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown ?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged as tell the manner  
of it : it was mere foolery ; I did not mark it. I saw

Mark Antony offer him a crown ; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ; and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again ; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by ; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar ; for he swounded and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But soft, I pray you : what ! did Cæsar swoond ?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like : he hath the falling-sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that ; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself ?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas ! good soul,' and forgave

him with all their hearts ; but there's no heed to be taken of them : if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away ?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing ?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect ?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again ; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads ; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too ; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow ?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good ; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so. Farewell, both.

*Exit.*

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be !  
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you :  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so : till then, think of the world.

*Exit BRUTUS.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd : therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :  
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :  
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure ;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. *Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,  
CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca : brought you Cæsar home ?  
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth  
Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero !

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

*Casca.* A common slave, you know him well by sight,



Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, I have not since put up my sword,  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me ; and there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw  
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say  
'These are their reasons, they are natural' ;  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

*Casca.* He doth ; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. *Exit CICERO.*

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there ?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this !

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of faults.  
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone ;  
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the  
          heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens ;  
But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind ;  
Why old men, fools, and children, calculate ;  
Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and preformed faculties,  
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits  
To make them instruments of fear and warning  
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol,  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown  
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is : for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;

But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king ;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then ;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*

*Casca.* So can I :  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?  
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep ;  
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws ; what trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief !  
Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak this  
Before a willing bondman ; then I know  
My answer must be made : but I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca, and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes furthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;  
And I do know, by this they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets ;  
And the complexion of the element  
In favour's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in  
haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait :  
He is a friend.

*Enter CINNA.*

Cinna, where haste you so ?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca ; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

*Cin.* I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this !  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for ? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.

O Cassius ! if you could  
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

*Cas.* Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,  
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this  
In at his window ; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

*Exit CINNA.*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him  
Is ours already, and the man entire  
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

*Casca.* O ! he sits high in all the people's hearts :  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him and his worth and our great need of him  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight ; and ere day  
We will awake him and be sure of him. *Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Rome. BRUTUS'S Orchard.*

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius ! ho !  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say !  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.  
When, Lucius, when ! Awake, I say ! What, Lucius !

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord ?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord.

*Exit.*

*Bru.* It must be by his death : and for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd :  
How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ? that !  
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse from power ; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may :  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities ;  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up ; and I am sure  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

*Gives him a letter.*

*Bru.* Get you to bed again ; it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir.

*Exit.*

*Bru.* The exhalations whizzing in the air  
Give so much light that I may read by them.

*Opens the letter.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake, and see thyself.*

*Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress !*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake !*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

'Shall Rome, etc.' Thus must I piece it out :

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

'Speak, strike, redress !' Am I entreated

To speak and strike ? O Rome ! I make thee promise ;

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

*Knocking within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate ; somebody knocks.

*Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council ; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.

*Bru.* Let 'em enter. *Exit LUCIUS.*  
They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O! then by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;  
Hide it in smiles and affability:  
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:  
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour, awake all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here  
But honours you; and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.



*Cas.* This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this, Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word ?

*BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper.*

*Dec.* Here lies the east : doth not the day break here ?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O ! pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines  
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire ; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath : if not the face of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur but our own cause  
To prick us to redress ? what other bond  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word  
And will not palter ? and what other oath  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,

Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain  
The even virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
To think that or our cause or our performance  
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?  
I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O ! let us have him, for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :  
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands ;  
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O ! name him not ; let us not break with him ;  
For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar ?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all ; which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,

Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O! that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar. But, alas!  
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary and not envious;  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.*

Yet I fear him;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

*Bru.* Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him:  
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:  
And that were much he should; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him; let him not die;  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

*Clock strikes.*

*Bru.* Peace! count the clock.

*Cas.*

The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.*

But it is doubtful yet  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;  
For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.  
It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,  
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.  
Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him:  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you,  
Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes,  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:  
And so good morrow to you every one.

*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :  
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord !

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you  
now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,  
Brutus,  
Stole from my bed ; and yesternight at supper  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.  
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot ;  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,  
But with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
And could it work so much upon your shape  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick, and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed  
To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
I have had resort to you; for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true then should I know this secret.  
I grant I am a woman, but withal  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;  
I grant I am a woman, but withal  
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods!  
Render me worthy of this noble wife.

*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. *Exit PORTIA.*

Lucius, who's that knocks?

*Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.*

*Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick!

*Lig.* I am not sick if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!  
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must make sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee as we are going  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot,  
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,  
To do I know not what ; but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me then. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. CÆSAR'S House.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his  
night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-  
night :  
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho ! they murder Cæsar !' Who 's within ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord !

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord. *Exit.*

*Enter CALPURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk  
forth ?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth : the things that threaten'd me  
Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,



Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;  
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead ;  
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*Cæs.*                               What can be avoided  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die there are no comets seen ;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter Servant.*

What say the augurers ?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice :  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not ; danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he :  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible ;  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.*

Alas ! my lord,

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear

That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,

And he shall say you are not well to-day :

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time

To bear my greeting to the senators,

And tell them that I will not come to-day :

Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser ;

I will not come to-day : tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say he is sick.

*Cæs.*

Shall Cæsar send a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far

To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth ?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will : I will not come ;

That is enough to satisfy the senate :

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know :

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :

She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,  
And evils imminent ; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted ;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate :  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.  
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say :  
And know it now : the senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say  
'Break up the senate till another time,  
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper  
'Lo ! Cæsar is afraid' ?  
Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,  
And reason to my love is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia !  
I am ashamed I did yield to them.  
Give me my robe, for I will go :

*Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,  
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.*

Welcome, Publius.

What ! Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,  
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that same ague which hath made you lean.  
What is 't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter ANTONY.*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will: *Aside* and so near will I be,  
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with  
me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru. Aside.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar!  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

*Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;  
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not  
Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus  
loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius.  
There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent  
against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about*

*you : security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover,*

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O Cæsar ! thou may'st live ;  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
Why dost thou stay ?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.  
O constancy ! be strong upon my side ;  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue ;  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !  
Art thou here yet ?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do ?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?  
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth ; and take good note  
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Prithee, listen well ;  
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter the Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow : which way hast thou been ?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is 't o'clock ?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet : I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards  
him ?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear  
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :  
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. *Exit.*

*Por.* I must go in. Ay me ! how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is. O Brutus !  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise.  
Sure, the boy heard me : Brutus hath a suit  
That Cæsar will not grant. O ! I grow faint.  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;  
Say I am merry : come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

*Exeunt severally.*

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol ; the Senate sitting above.*

*A crowd of People ; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* *To the Soothsayer.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O Cæsar ! read mine first ; for mine 's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What ! is the fellow mad ?

*Pub.*

Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What ! urge you your petitions in the street ?  
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.*  
*All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cas.* What enterprise, Popilius ?

*Pop.*

Fare you well.

*Advances to CÆSAR.*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena ?

*Cas.* He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar : mark him.

*Car.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant :  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Car.* Trebonius know his time; for, look you, Brutus,  
He grows Mark Antony out of the way.

*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR  
and the Senators take their seats.*

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd ; press near and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

*Car.* Are we all ready? What is now amiss  
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant  
Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart,—

*Kneeling.*

*Car.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings and these lowly courtesies,  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree  
Into the law of children. Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,  
Like a cracked conch-shell, and base spaniel fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banished;  
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,



To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;  
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus !

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd if I were as you ;  
If I could pray to move prayers would move me ;  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire and every one doth shine,  
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place :  
So in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;  
Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he,  
Let me a little show it, even in this,  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me !

*They stab CÆSAR.*

*Cæs.* *Et tu, Brute !* Then fall, Cæsar ! *Dis.*

*Cin.* Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cæs.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out  
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !'

*Bru.* People and senators, be not affrighted ;  
Fly not ; stand still ; ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where 's Publius ?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's  
Should chance—

*Bru.* Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer ;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else ; so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so ; and let no man abide this deed  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where 's Antony ?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd.  
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run  
As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures.  
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit :  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let 's all cry 'Peace, freedom, and liberty !'

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,

In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust !

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What ! shall we forth ?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away :  
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft ! who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :  
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him ;  
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;  
I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. *Exit.*

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish we may : but yet have I a mind  
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Bru.* But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark  
Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well.  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die :  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony ! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands  
And this the bleeding business they have done :  
Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity,  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :  
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours, Metellus ;  
Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.  
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O ! 'tis true :  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;  
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.  
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;  
And this, indeed, O world ! the heart of thee.  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie !

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius :  
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;  
But what compact mean you to have with us ?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed  
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle.  
Our reasons are so full of good regard  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That 's all I seek :  
And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place ;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.

*Aside to BRUTUS.* You know not what you do ; do not  
consent

That Antony speak in his funeral :  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter ?

*Bru.* By your pardon ;  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission,  
And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall; I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,  
And say you do 't by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral; and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*

*Ant.* O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers;  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,  
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming ;  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Cæsar !— *Seeing the bod.,*

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath  
chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;  
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet stay awhile ;  
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse  
Into the market-place ; there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;  
According to the which thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng  
of Citizens.*

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied : let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.  
Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.  
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;



Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

*First Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Second Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their  
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*

*BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.*

*Third Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence !

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer : Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended I pause for a reply.

*Citizens.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question

of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR'S body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart : that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Citizens.* Live, Brutus ! live ! live !

*First Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*Second Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*Third Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*Fourth Cit.*

Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

*First Cit.* We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

*Second Cit.* Peace ! silence ! Brutus speaks.

*First Cit.* Peace, ho !

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

*Exit.*

*First Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*Third Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;

We 'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

*Fourth Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

*Third Cit.*

He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

*First Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*Third Cit.* Nay, that 's certain:

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

*Second Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Citizens.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause :

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

*Second Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

*Third Cit.* Has he, masters

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

*Second Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

*Third Cit.* There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him ; he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

I have stood against the world ; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament,  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

*Citizens.* The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends ; I must not read it :  
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For if you should, O ! what would come of it.

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will ! we'll hear it, Antony ;  
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.  
I fear I wrong the honourable men  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors : honourable men !

*Citizens.* The will ! the testament !

*Second Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The  
will ! read the will !

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will ?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

*Citizens.* Come down.

*Second Cit.* Descend. *ANTONY comes down.*

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave.

*Fourth Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse ; stand from the body.

*Second Cit.* Room for Antony ; most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

*Citizens.* Stand back ! room ! bear back !

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :

See what a rent the envious Casca made :

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no ;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :

Judge, O you gods ! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him.

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O ! what a fall was there, my countrymen ;

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O ! now you weep, and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what ! weep you when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

*Second Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

*Third Cit.* O woeful day !

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors ! villains !

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight !

*Second Cit.* We will be revenged.

*Citizens.* Revenge !— About !— Seek !— Burn !—  
Fire !— Kill !— Slay !— Let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

*First Cit.* Peace there ! Hear the noble Antony.

*Second Cit.* We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll  
die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honourable :  
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,  
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :  
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb  
mouths,  
And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Citizens.* We 'll mutiny.

*First Cit.* We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Cit.* Away then ! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

*Citizens.* Peace, ho !— Hear Antony— Most noble  
Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas! you know not: I must tell you then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Citizens.* Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear  
the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

*Second Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his  
death.

*Third Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Citizens.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

*First Cit.* Never, never! Come, away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

*Second Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches.

*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow!

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.



*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him.  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

*Excunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,  
And things unlucky charge my fantasy :  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

*First Cit.* What is your name ?

*Second Cit.* Whither are you going ?

*Third Cit.* Where do you dwell ?

*Fourth Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor ?

*Second Cit.* Answer every man directly.

*First Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

*Fourth Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

*Third Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name ? Whither am I going ? Where  
do I dwell ? Am I a married man or a bachelor ? Then,  
to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and  
truly ; wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

*Second Cit.* That 's as much as to say they are fools  
that marry ; you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.  
Proceed ; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

*First Cit.* As a friend or an enemy ?

*Cin.* As a friend.

*Second Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

*Fourth Cit.* For your dwelling, briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*Third Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*First Cit.* Tear him to pieces ; he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

*Fourth Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*Second Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna ; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

*Third Cit.* Tear him, tear him ! Come, brands, ho ! firebrands ! To Brutus, to Cassius ; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's ; some to Ligarius'.  
Away ! go ! *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Room in ANTONY'S House.*

*ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.*

*Ant.* These many then shall die ; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die ; consent you, Lepidus ?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn him.  
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;  
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What ! shall I find you here ?

*Oct.* Or here or at the Capitol. *Exit LEPIDUS.*

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands : is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it ?

*Oct.* So you thought him ;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you :  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will ;  
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius ; and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth ;  
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds  
On abject orts and imitations,  
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion : do not talk of him  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things : Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers ; we must straight make head ;  
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;

And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so : for we are at the stake,  
And bay'd about with many enemies ;  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS'S Tent.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and  
Soldiers ; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

*Bru.* Stand, ho !

*Lucil.* Give the word, ho ! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

*Lucil.* He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

*Bru.* He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done undone ; but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius ;  
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Lucil.* With courtesy and with respect enough ;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath us'd of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

*Lucil.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. *Low march within.*

*Bru.* Hark ! he is arriv'd,  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho !

*Bru.* Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

*First Sold.* Stand !

*Second Sold.* Stand !

*Third Sold.* Stand !

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods ! wrong I mine enemies ?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;  
And when you do them—

*Bru.* Cassius, be content ;  
Speak your griefs softly : I do know you well.  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of BRUTUS.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm !  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember :  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me ;  
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;  
Have mind upon your health ; tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man !

*Cas.* Is 't possible ?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

*Cas.* O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

*Bru.* All this ! ay, more : fret till your proud heart  
break ;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?  
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you ; for from this day forth  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this ?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier :  
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way ; you wrong me,  
Brutus ;  
I said, an elder soldier, not a better :  
Did I say 'better' ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not !

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What ! durst not tempt him !

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love ;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;  
For I can raise no money by vile means :  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;  
Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not : he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my  
heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.



*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;  
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;  
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O ! I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger :  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius ! you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus !

*Bru.*

What's the matter ?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

*Noise within.*

*Poet. Within.* Let me go in to see the generals;  
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

*Lucil. Within.* You shall not come to them.

*Poet. Within.* Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and  
LUCIUS.*

*Cas.* How now! What 's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! What do you mean?  
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;  
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rime!

*Bru.* Get you hence, 'sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:  
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?  
Companion, hence!

*Cas.* Away, away! be gone. *Exit Poet.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with  
you  
Immediately to us. *Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine. *Exit LUCIUS.*

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better : Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha ! Portia !

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so ?  
O insupportable and touching loss !

Upon what sickness ?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong : for with her death  
That tidings came ; with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so ?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods !

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of  
wine :

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius. *Exit LUCIUS.*

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

Welcome, good Messala.  
Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone ?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.  
Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

*Bru.* With what addition ?

*Mes.* That by proscription and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree ;  
Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one !

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in yours ?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala :  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently ?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason ?

*Cas.* This it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to  
better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
 Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;  
 For they have grudg'd us contribution :  
 The enemy, marching along by them,  
 By them shall make a fuller number up,  
 Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;  
 From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
 If at Philippi we do face him there,  
 These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon. You must note beside,  
 That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
 Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :  
 The enemy increaseth every day ;  
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on ;  
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
 And nature must obey necessity,  
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
 There is no more to say ?

*Cas.* No more. Good night :  
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius !

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

My gown.

*Exit LUCIUS.*

Farewell, good Messala :  
 Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,  
 Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.*

O my dear brother !

This was an ill beginning of the night :  
Never come such division 'tween our souls !  
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit., Mes.* Good night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

*Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.*

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What ! thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men ;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro ! and Claudius !

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord ?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep :

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so ; lie down, good sirs ;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

*VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.*

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;  
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again ;  
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee.

*Music, and a Song.*

This is a sleepy tune : O murderous slumber !

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music ? Gentle knave, good night ;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;

I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see ; is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare ?

Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.*

Why com'st thou ?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

*Ghost vanishes.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest :

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy ! Lucius ! Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !  
Claudius !

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake !

*Luc.* My lord !

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst  
out ?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing ?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius !

*To VARRO.* Fellow thou ! awake !

*Var.* My lord !

*Clau.* My lord !

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

*Var., Clau.* Did we, my lord ?

*Bru.* Ay: saw you any thing ?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go and commend me to my brother Cassius ;  
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Var., Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions ;  
It proves not so ; their battles are at hand ;



They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut ! I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it : they could be content  
To visit other places ; and come down  
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals :  
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

*Oct.* I do not cross you ; but I will do so. *March.*

*Drum.* *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ;  
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.  
Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octa-  
vius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good  
words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
Crying ' Long live ! hail, Cæsar ! '

*Cas.*

Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O ! yes, and soundless too ;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains ! you did not so when your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

*Cas.* Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, thank yourself :  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause : if arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look ;

I draw a sword against conspirators ;  
When think you that the sword goes up again ?  
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds  
Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope ;  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O ! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still !

*Oct.* Come, Antony ; away !  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

*Excunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Cas.* Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim  
bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho !

Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

*Lucil.*

My lord !

*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.*

*Cas.* Messala !

*Mes.*

What says my general ?

*Cas.*

Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :  
Be thou my witness that against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion ; now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign  
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;  
Who to Philippi here consorted us :  
This morning are they fled away and gone,  
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites  
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.*

I but believe it partly,

For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd  
To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.*

Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !  
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together :  
What are you then determined to do ?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself ; I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life : arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;  
He bears too great a mind : but this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March begun ;  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;  
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then, lead on. O ! that a man might  
know  
The end of this day's business ere it come ;  
But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away !

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Field of Battle.**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side. *Loud alarum.*  
Let them set on at once, for I perceive  
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

*Exeunt.*SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.**Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O ! look, Titinius, look, the villains fly :  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy ;  
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius ! Brutus gave the word too early ;  
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !  
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius ;  
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops

And here again ; that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.

*Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;  
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

*PINDARUS ascends the hill.*

This day I breathed first ; time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;  
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news ?

*Pin. Above.* O my lord !

*Cas.* What news ?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;  
Yet he spurs on : now they are almost on him.  
Now, Titinius ! now some light : O ! he lights too :  
He 's ta'en !

*Shout.*

And, hark ! they shout for joy.

*Cas.* Come down ; behold no more.

O ! coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face.

*PINDARUS descends.*

Come hither, sirrah.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath ;  
Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer ; here, take thou the hilts ;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword. Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

*Dies.*

*Pin.* So, I am free ; yet would not so have been  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. *Exit.*

*Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him ?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart !

*Mes.* Is not that he ?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun !  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;  
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone ;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are  
done.

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O hateful error, melancholy's child !

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not ? O error ! soon conceiv'd,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus ! Where art thou, Pindarus ?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears ; I may say, thrusting it ;  
For piercing steel and darts envenomed  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

*Exit MESSALA.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their  
shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.  
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.  
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

*Kills himself.*

*Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, CATO,  
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.*

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet:  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails. *Low alarums.*

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!

Look! whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius.

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.  
Come therefore, and to Thassos send his body:  
His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;



And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on :

'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies ;  
then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.*

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O ! yet hold up your heads.

*Cato.* What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;

Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

*Exit.*

*Lucil.* O young and noble Cato ! art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,

And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

*First Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Lucil.*

Only I yield to die :

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

*Offering money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*First Sold.* We must not. A noble prisoner !

*Second Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

*First Sold.* I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Lucil.* Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus ;  
The gods defend him from so great a shame !  
When you do find him, or alive or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe ;  
Give him all kindness : I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,  
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead ;  
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent  
How every thing is chanc'd.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and  
VOLUMNIUS.*

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,  
He came not back ; he is or ta'en or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. *Whispers.*

*Cli.* What I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then ! no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius. *Whispers.*

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed ?

*Cli.* O Dardanius !

*Dar.* O Clitus !

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night ; at Sardis once,  
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.  
I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit : *Low alarums.*  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;  
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

*Alarum still.*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord ! there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you ; and you ; and you, Volumnius.  
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day,  
More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history.  
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,  
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly !'*

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly !

*Bru.* Hence ! I will follow.

*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.  
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

*Str.* Give me your hand first : fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato. Cæsar, now be still :  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,  
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that ?

*Mes.* My master's man. Strato, where is thy master ?

*Str.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala ;  
The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Lucil.* So Brutus should be found. I thank thee,  
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

*Str.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato ?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all :  
All the conspirators save only he  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, ' This was a man ! '

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.  
So call the field to rest ; and let 's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

*Exeunt.*











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